

SECRET JOURNAL

OF

A Self-Observer ;

OR,

CONFESSIONS AND FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF THE

Rev. J. C. LAVATER,

AUTHOR OF THE

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOGNOMY, THE APHORISMS ON
MAN, VIEWS OF ETERNITY, &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL,

By the Rev. PETER WILL,

MINISTER OF THE REFORMED GERMAN CHAPEL IN THE SAVOY.

VOL. I.

The large Indictment stands before my View,
Drawn forth by Conscience, most amazing true ;
And fill'd with Secrets hid from human Eye,
When, foolish Man ! thy God stood witness by.
Then, oh, thou Majesty divinely great,
Accept the sad Confessions I repeat ;
For thine's the contrite Spirit, thine's an Heart
Oppressed with Sorrow, broke with inward Smart ;
That at thy Foot-stool in Confession shows
How well its faults, how well the Judge it knows.

PARNELL.

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SECRET JOURNAL

A Self-Confession

CONFESSIONS AND FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF THE

REV. J. C. LATHAM

AUTHOR OF THE

ESSAY ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH
AND THE STATE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

IN TWO VOLUMES

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By the REV. J. C. LATHAM

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P R E F A C E

OF THE

E D I T O R.

SENTIMENTAL works and books which tend to promote the knowledge of the human heart, being, at present, read with so much avidity, the subsequent Journal may hope to be not entirely unacceptable to many a feeling and sensible heart.

Thus much, at least, is certain, and it has frequently been repeated by keen-sighted observers, that a faithful and circumstantial moral history of the most common and unromantic character is infinitely more important, and fitter for improving the human heart, than the most extraordinary and interesting Novel. The number of those that may expect to derive a real and lasting moral benefit from

the former, are as thousand to one, if compared with those that, perhaps, may reap the same advantage from the latter. Few only are called to become heroes on the public *stage* of the world; but all, without exception, are destined to become heroes in *domestic* virtue.

It ought to be entirely indifferent to the reader by what accident the following sheets are come in my possession. Suffice it to say, that they are the real and genuine Journal of a man, whose first and last concern it was to get thoroughly acquainted with his heart; that the Author is a man of a cheerful and open disposition, and not in the least given to gloomy melancholy; in short, of a man who——— but I will not add a word more to his praise, lest I point out his person more distinctly than the scope of the present work requires*. The dear man will certainly

*If the reader will take the trouble to read the two letters which are prefixed to the second volume of the Journal, he will learn why, notwithstanding this declaration of the Editor, Mr. Lavater is mentioned, on the title page, as the real author of the subsequent work.

T.

never

never have imagined that his sentiments and observations would one time be disclosed to the Public; of which the negligence, and the simplicity with which they are written, will easily convince every candid reader. He will, undoubtedly, be terrified at the sight of a printed copy; however, he will, at the same time, be generous enough not to be angry with the Editor for having taken a liberty which, probably, will occasion the beautifullest sentiments. It is natural to expect that nothing has been interpolated in the Journal, although some part of it has been omitted, lest the author would have been known, or exposed to misrepresentations.

The Editor flatters himself that the Public will not be displeased with the insertion of those passages which properly do not belong to the Author's observations on himself, but contain either the characteristic of others, or criticisms on books or passages, which made a particular impression on him, &c. &c. &c.

Only one month has previously been offered to the Public as a Specimen, and if the aim of the Editor
should

should be attained, it will be in his power to publish two more.

As for the rest, we wish that our readers may possess that candour which characterises the Author of the Journal, and the publication of the present work will need no further apology.

A. P. R.

R. October, 1770.

PREFACE

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

THE scope of the subsequent work, as well as the history of its publication, being fully explained in Mr. Lavater's letter, which is prefixed to the second volume, the Translator has nothing to add, but to beg the Reader not to impute it to him, if the stile in which the Journal is written should appear rather singular. Mr. Lavater's manner of expressing his ideas, being as extraordinary as his manner of thinking, those who are not intimately acquainted with the writings of this eccentric, but truly venerable man, will easily be induced to mistake for a foreign idiom what, in reality, is an idiom of the Author, and could not be exchanged for a genuine English one, as it is the peculiar characteristic which distinguishes his way of thinking. Considering this, the Translator flatters himself that he will not be pronounced arrogant, if he hopes that not *all* expressions, which may sound rather strange in an elegant ear,

ear, will be charged on him as proofs of neglect, or of a too deficient knowledge of the language. The present Translation, which originally was intended to be circulated only in manuscript, among some admirers of Mr. Lavater, would certainly never have been intruded on the Public, if the Translator were not fully persuaded, that its great utility will overbalance its many defects, and contribute to propagate piety and religious prudence, for which purpose he recommends the perusal of it particularly to his congregation, who always have displayed the most laudable desire to improve in Christian knowledge and virtue.

May the divine Author of Truth give his blessing to the weak efforts of the Translator, to contribute his mite to the encrease of serious meditation and Christian circumspection, and animate the readers of these pages with a sincere and active desire to profit by the example of their venerable Author!

Upper Thornhaugh Street.

JOURNAL

JOURNAL

OF
A SELF-OBSERVER.

INTRODUCTION.

JANUARY, 1769.

IN THE NAME OF THE OMNISCIENT AND
OMNIPRESENT GOD,

I AM going to begin a Journal with this present year. O that not one of my future days might be entirely lost to heaven and myself! that every one might be distinguished by at least one good deed, and most of them entirely dedicated to Thee, my God; becoming an immortal soul, and a source of eternal happiness.

VOL. I.

B

Spirit

Spirit of Grace remind me every day to watch and to pray, because I do not know when my Judge shall come:—yes, my soul, work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. O Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.

Let me, Father, let me never
Sink in slumber's peaceful lap,
Till I have survey'd the actions,
And the errors of the day.

And thou, my heart, be sincere: do not conceal from me thy secret recesses; I will make friendship, and erect a covenant with thee. Know, my heart, that no friendship upon earth is wiser, and more abounding in blessings, than the friendship and intimacy of a heart with itself. He who is not his own confidant, can never become a friend of God and virtue. The more we shun ourselves,

felves, the nearer we approach to hypocrify; and there is nothing in the world I despise more than an hypocrite.

Those that know the human heart have made the just remark, that we cease being sincere, as soon as we perceive that we are observed. But it is just the reverse with a rigorous observation of ourselves; we always begin to be sincere, as soon as our heart perceives that we watch its sentiments.

Left I should deceive myself, I will make a firm resolution never to shew these remarks to any person whatever; to conceal them with the greatest care, and to write every thing that could produce the least bad consequence in ciphers entirely arbitrary, which no one but myself shall be able to solve; and to write down every thing remarkable. I shall perceive in the course and fluctuation of my sentiments, all the secret

artifices of passions; every thing which may have a remarkable influence upon the improvement of my moral character, &c. &c. &c. as carefully, as if I were to read my journal to God: so carefully, that on my death-bed I shall be enabled, by these records, to give to myself an account of my life, like that which will be laid before me, when my spirit shall have taken its flight to better regions.

DAILY RULES.

The following rules shall always be before mine eyes; they shall be suspended somewhere in my study, and read and revolved by me every morning and evening.

I.

I will never rise in the morning without offering thanks and prayers to God; nor without

without reflecting that it, perhaps, may be the last time.

II. I will never begin my daily occupations, neither in the morning nor in the afternoon, without having previously implored God, on my knees, in a retired place (at least for a few moments), to grant me his aid and blessing.

III.

I will not do nor design any thing I would omit if Jesus Christ were standing visibly before me; nothing which I might repent of at the uncertain hour of death. I will, with the assistance of God, accustom myself to do every thing, without exception, in the name of Jesus Christ; and, as his disciple, to sigh every hour to God for the blessings of the Holy Ghost, and always to be disposed to prayer.

IV.

I will read every day a chapter in the Bible, and particularly in the gospel; and select some sentiment or other from the chapters I shall read, and revolve it frequently in my mind.

V.

Every day shall be marked with at least one particular work of charity.

VI.

I will make it every day my principal business to be useful to my family.

VII.

I will never eat or drink so much as to cause the least inconvenience or hindrance in the performance of my occupations; and between meals abstain, as much as possible, from

from drinking wine, and from eating (a morsel in the evening excepted).

VIII.

Whithersoever I may go, I will previously sigh to God that I may not commit a sin, but always leave behind me something useful; the same I will do before every meal whithersoever I may take it.

IX.

I will never sleep longer than eight hours, at most, whilst in health.

X.

I will never lay down to sleep without having prayed first.

XI.

In my prayers for others, which I will never omit, I will mention by name my parents,

rents, my wife, my children, my servants,
and my friends, &c.

XII.

I will examine myself after these rules every night, and honestly mark in my journal the number which I shall have omitted; the same I will observe with regard to whatever I shall have read, transacted, sinned, and learned. God, thou seest what I have wrote; may I be able to read it every morning with sincerity, and every night with joy, and the loud applause of my conscience.

X.

I will never lay down to sleep without

having prayed first.

XI.

In my prayers for others, which I will

never omit, I will mention by name my be-

JANUARY

JANUARY 1, 1769.

THIS morning I awoke at three o'clock, and heard the watchman : I never hear him without some sweet melancholy, accompanied by a nice perception of the fleetness of my life, and of the imperfect ideas of sleepless philosophers, sighing, and sick people, women in labour, dying, &c. &c. This morning I had a livelier sense of that idea than usual ; I prostrated myself in my imagination before God, and offered to him the first sentiments of this new year (I could not check my tears as I was silently praying), and recommended to the mercy of God all my brethren and sisters in the whole world. I revolved in my mind the above-mentioned rules ; renewed my pious resolutions, and with a serene confidence resigned my whole temporal and eternal happiness to the care
of

of my best and faithfullest Father in heaven.

Then slept again with tranquillity till half an hour past six, when I awoke with joy and gratitude, prayed, repeated the new year's hymn of Gellert, and read the four first chapters of St. Matthew.—My sentiments for the day was: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.

O, my God! I will look up to Thee for every blessing during the ensuing year, and never doubt but that thou wilt grant me more than thou hast promised, and never ask what thou hast not promised.

I took the firm resolution to wish to-day to no one an happy new year with my lips only. O! what an offence against truth is it to wish one with the lips a blessing which the heart does not concur in; and, perhaps, might envy another in the enjoyment thereof.

Be

Be thou, therefore, ever present to my heart to-day, thou sacred sense of sincerity; and, oh! my heart, never forget that it is mean hypocrisy to pronounce a wish without meaning any thing with it. I found it difficult to execute this resolution. My words overshot my sentiments several times. I overtook them again, and always felt an inward pleasure when I perceived that my wishes were anointed with sincerity and love for humankind.

Good God! how many inward, and valuable pleasures do we chase away from our soul, by banishing from it humanity, the most precious jewel of our nature. Mortals, like myself, brothers and sisters are all of you, who with me inhabit *one* globe, breathe *one* air, and imbibe the light of *one* sun, and I should *force* myself to wish you happy; I should mean and feel nothing, when I am
wishing

wishing you, in the presence of the omnipresent Father, the Father of all, happy days, health, new strength for being virtuous, and every thing that God himself calls blessings. Wishing an happy new year to my maid, I suppressed some bitter reflections which were going to mix with my wish. I spoke with that natural mild resignation which is always the companion of true simplicity: however, I cannot deny that I *conquered* my acrimony; I believed to have performed something great, and something very mean: if thou, my heart! hadst conquered thyself a little less.

Alas! how inattentive was I at church—and yet I had prayed fervently at first—what a trifle was it that took away my attention! Good God! if I did but know by what means I could fix my soul! How sudden is the transition from serious devotion to wild fancies—
a mien,

a mien, a muff. Alas! what insignificant trifles withdraw my attention from heaven to earth! The sermon on the fleetness of human life made me, however, again very serious, until the preacher began to pronounce his wishes. What an art is it to gratulate in an artless manner! I will, however, first learn myself how to gratulate with sincerity, before I weigh the gratulations of others on the balance of criticism.

In the evening I endeavoured to be alone as soon as possible. I must converse with myself. Shall I live this year more happy and virtuous? said I to myself this morning. I began my task with writing down my journal, and continued it thus far. Now it struck five o'clock—already five o'clock, said I, and I have not yet performed any particular work of charity; to-morrow I could indeed perform two, instead of one, and thus
make

make up the omission of this day ; however, I will not transgress, knowingly, a rule, the performance of which I have to-day solemnly promised to God and my conscience ; for that reason I would not let pass the present first day of the year without having performed a particular work of charity. Another reason perhaps was, because I wished to have the pleasure, on the first day of the next year, to look back on this day with the joy of a benevolent heart ; for I have frequently remarked, that I have a particular desire of marking with virtuous actions, and, above all, with deeds of charity, those days which distinguish themselves in the almanack by some extraordinary festivity, or something else remarkable. How easy do we recollect them when they return the next year ! On New-year's-day, on my birth-day, on Easter-day, I have been here or there ; have performed

formed this or that—that hapless sufferer who is now restored to his health—or that brother who, perhaps, is now in the other world—or a third who suffers still. Oh! how did he rejoice on that day, when I surprised him with a charitable relief. But now I will rise; will leave off writing. I will not write a line more, but go and act. But whither am I going? and what do I intend to do? Thou needest not go far. Has not my maid a sick mother, who, moreover, is poor? How often has she already begged soft old linen to dress her wounds with?— I went down to my wife: “My dear! I want a new-year’s gift;”—“For whom?” “For myself, or rather for a poor person;”—“or for him who has said: *inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*” “Well, what is it then?” “Some old linen for Kitty’s mother.”

"ther." "Is that all? I will instantly go
"and look for some: but then I beg of
"you a reciprocal kindness—let us sing
"some hymns." I consented to it, and did
it with inward pleasure, with a pious satis-
faction, and with tears of joy.

What is the reason that I am never more
pious than when I hear spiritual musick?
Are the fine, sweet, melting sensations,
which it commonly thrills the soul with,
really of a moral nature; although they are
nothing but the immediate effect of tones,
of certain circular vibrations of the air;
although they seem to be merely mechan-
ical, vanishing as soon as the tones are heard
no more, leaving so rarely a lasting impres-
sion behind? And yet I have frequently been
proud of them; have numbered them on the
score of my moral feelings: but should virtue
be nothing else but the effect of a vibration
of

of the air, regulated in this or that manner, can a true moral nature be ascribed to a sentiment which does not root in the soul; coming only on certain occasions, and disappearing with them? Should not *self-sufficiency* be the essential character of virtue? The consciousness of acting right under all circumstances; the inward conviction of the lawfulness of our actions—should not that be the criterion of our character? But cannot sentiments be sincere, and of a moral nature, although they be produced only by accidental circumstances? A difficult query. It can, however, not be denied; only those sentiments which I *can create* within myself, as often as I choose, through just and great ideas which I *can* produce, and which are natural and familiar to me on all occasions—only those sentiments I shall take over with me into the other world. Musick can

raise my feelings; yet my God and my Redeemer will not be less amiable, although the musick should have died away like a soft stream of harmonies. It is always true, that I owe him my existence, and my immortality; and this idea, ever true and incontestable, ought always to have a self-sufficient power of rousing within myself sentiments of gratitude and love.

Thus far I had wrote, when my wife brought me the little bundle of linen I had desired. "Will that do?" "Perfectly well!" "I will give it to the servant," said I. The servant was called; she answered, crossly, she could not come. Her answer did not provoke me; and it made me quite proud that I was not angry, and should be able to shame her, by a gift for her mother. Five minutes after she came: "What are your commands?" "Kitty," said I, in a firm and

and gentle accent, "there is something for your mother; you may go presently, and take it to her." It was indeed a triumph to me, to see her surprised, and so much ashamed: she went away, and I was satisfied.

We supped soon after, and I was very cheerful during our meal. When the table was going to be cleared, I struggled with myself, whether I should, or should not say, "henceforward we will always join in our evening prayers." How cowardly is it of the father of a house not to dare to make the first advances towards so laudable a custom? However, I attempted it, fetched instantly the excellent hymns of Gellert, and prayed: then we parted, and I perused my rules, and my journal. Have I performed every thing in the name of Jesus Christ? Have I prayed for the persons named in my

eleventh rule? No; I have not; I will do it now. O! merciful God! with Thee will I converse, before mine eyes shall be closed.

~~~~~  
**JANUARY the Second.**

**I AWOK**E at six o'clock, remembered that I am a mortal, gave thanks to God, and read the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew! What a treasure of morals! How difficult to single out a particular passage! I went directly to my occupations, and continued them successively till noon. I ate with a good appetite. My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day:—"Henceforth, "my dear," answered I, "we will pray and "read together in the morning, and choose "a common sentiment for the day; I have  
 " been



“ been angry with myself to-day, for having  
 “ neglected it so long. The sentiment which  
 “ I have chosen for this day is : *Give to him*  
 “ *that asketh thee, and from him that would*  
 “ *borrow of thee, turn not thou away.*”

“ Pray how is this to be understood ?” said  
 she. “ Literally,” replied I. “ Literally ?  
 “ very strange, indeed !” “ We, at least, must  
 “ take it so, my dear, as we would do if  
 “ we had heard Jesus Christ himself pro-  
 “ nounce these words. No doubt we must  
 “ take these words so as if he himself had  
 “ spoken them to us, since he has caused  
 “ them to be committed to writing ; for  
 “ whatever is *written*, can have no other  
 “ meaning than the word simply. The gospel  
 “ contains, as I think, answers, either general  
 “ or particular ones ; yet they are always ea-  
 “ sily to be comprehended by our conscience ;  
 “ they are unequivocal to him who reads them

himself I ”

C 3

“ with

“ with a plain, simple sense of truth ; they are,  
“ in every respect, divine answers to all moral  
“ questions, solutions of all problems which  
“ ever can be stated. However, only hearts  
“ which are plain, sincere unto the voice of  
“ truth, and void of passions, can compre-  
“ hend these answers and solutions : *Give to*  
“ *him that asketh thee, and from him that would*  
“ *borrow of thee, turn not thou away ;* says he  
“ whose property all my possessions are. I  
“ am the steward, and not the proprietor of  
“ my fortune. The proprietor commandeth  
“ me to give unto him that asketh of me,  
“ and not to refuse the prayer of him who  
“ wants to borrow of me, while it shall be  
“ in my power to give and to lend ; I must,  
“ of course, give to him who has nothing ;  
“ or, to use other words, if I have two coats,  
“ I must give one unto him who has none ; and  
“ if I have meat, I must do so likewise, though  
“ I should

"*I should not be asked.* How much more  
" will it be incumbent upon me if that  
" should be the case?" This was so clear to  
me, that I spoke it rather with warmth.  
My wife made no reply, except, "that she  
" would take it into consideration." "I "

I was just risen from dinner, when a widow  
desired to speak with me; I ordered her to  
be shewn into my study. "You will excuse  
" me, dear Sir!" said she, "I entreat you to  
" excuse me. Alas! I can scarcely tell it;  
" I must pay my house-rent, and I am six  
" dollars too short; I have been ill a whole  
" month, and could hardly keep my poor  
" children from starving; I have laid by  
" every penny—but, gracious heaven! I am,  
" nevertheless, six dollars too short, and must  
" have them to-day, or to-morrow; pray  
" hear me, dear Sir!" Here she took a small  
parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said,

"There, Sir, is a book enchased with silver;  
"my late husband gave it me when we  
"were betrothed. It is all I can spare; I  
"assure you, I part with it with reluctance;  
"yet I know it will not be sufficient; and  
"I also do not know how I shall redeem it.  
"Oh! dear Sir, can't you assist me?" "My  
"God! good woman, I cannot assist you!" so  
saying, I put my hand (accidentally, or from  
habit) into my pocket, touching my money,  
which consisted of about two dollars and a  
half. That will not be sufficient, said I to  
myself, she must have the whole sum; and  
if it would do, I want it myself. "Have  
"you no friend, no patron," said I, "who  
"would give you that trifle?" "No! not a  
"living soul; and I do not like to go from  
"house to house, I rather will work whole  
"nights—I have been told that you are a  
"good-natured gentleman. Well! in the  
"name



" name of God! if you cannot assist me;  
" you will, I hope, excuse me for having  
" given you so much trouble. I will try  
" how I can extricate myself: God has  
" never forsaken me; and I hope he will  
" not begin to turn his back on me in my  
" seventy-sixth year."—The same moment  
my wife entered the room.

I was—O thou traitorous heart!—I was  
angry, ashamed, and should have been glad,  
if I could have sent her away under some  
pretext or other; because my conscience  
whispered to me, *Give to him who asketh  
thee, and do not turn away from him who would  
borrow of thee.* My wife too, whispered irre-  
sistibly in my ear: " She is a pious, honest  
" woman; she has certainly been ill; assist  
" her if you can." Shame, joy, avarice, and  
the desire of assisting her, struggled alter-  
nately in my heart. " I have no more than

" two

"two dollars by me," answered I in a whisper, "and she wants six; how therefore can I answer her demand? I will give her something, and send her away." My wife squeezed my hand tenderly; smiling, and beseeching me by her looks. She then said aloud, what my conscience had whispered to me: *Give to him who asketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.* I smiled, asking her archly, "whether she would give her ring, in order to enable me to do it?" "With great pleasure!" said she, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was either too simple to observe this, or too modest to take advantage of it; however, when she was going, my wife told her to wait a little in the passage. "Was you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?" said I, as soon as we were in private. "Indeed I was—I am surprised  
CWL " that

“ that you can ask that question. Do you  
“ think I sport with charity? Remember  
“ what you have said a quarter of an hour  
“ ago: I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the gospel. You have always  
“ been so benevolent; and now you are so  
“ backward to assist that poor woman. Why  
“ did you not instantly give her what money  
“ you had in your purse? Did you not know  
“ that there are six dollars in your bureau,  
“ and that it will be quarter-day in eight or  
“ ten days?” I pressed my wife to my bosom,  
and dropped a tear. “ You are more righteous than I! I thank you! keep your ring;  
“ you have made me blush.” I then went  
to the bureau, and took the six dollars.  
When I was going to open the door, to call  
the widow, I was seized with horror, because I had said, “ *My God! I cannot help*  
“ *you.*” O thou traitorous tongue! thou deceitful

ceitful heart!—"there, take the money you  
"want." She seemed, at first, not to under-  
stand me, thinking it was only a small con-  
tribution; kissed my hand, and her astonish-  
ment was so great, that she could not utter  
a word, when she saw that it was more—  
that it was the whole sum which she wanted.  
"O! God! how shall I thank you? I can-  
"not repay you; have you understood me  
"right? I have got nothing but this poor  
"book, and it is old." "Keep your book,  
"and the money; and thank God, and not  
"me. Indeed, I do not deserve your thanks,  
"because I have hesitated so long to assist  
"you—go, in the name of God, and say  
"not a word more." I shut the door after  
her, and was so much ashamed, that I hardly  
could look at my wife. "My dear!" said  
she, "make yourself easy; you have yielded  
"to my admonitions; while I shall wear a  
"golden



"golden ring on my finger (and you know, "I have several), you need not tell a fellow-creature in distress that you cannot assist him." I pressed her to my bosom, and wept. As soon as I was left to myself, I continued my journal, in order to humble thee, my heart! that heart which has induced me yesterday to write, *I rather would be any thing than an hypocrite*; and yet it is downright hypocrisy to preach rigorous morals, and to perform only the less difficult duties.

Hast thou comprehended me, my heart? Couldst thou have dared to refuse giving assistance to that poor woman, if thou, according to the second rule, hadst prayed only a few moments? I was busy till six o'clock in the evening, when my wife called me to the harpsichord, I went down, and sang half an hour; then I hastened to my closet;

closet; prayed, kneeling, about seven minutes, and bewailed the dishonesty I had committed to-day. Having perused once more the chapters I had read in the morning, with so little benefit, my shame was completed.

I ate little at supper, and then prayed with the whole family; *not one of the servants was suffered to stay away; they are Christians, and were edified.* How peaceably could I have closed this second day of the year, if I had performed all my rules!

### JANUARY the Third.

A DAY full of confusion!—I could neither read, meditate, nor work; however it was my own fault. I slept with an unaccountable

countable heaviness till it was broad day; very likely I should have tossed myself about in my bed some time longer, if the insufferable stench of the extinguished night lamp had not caused me to open my eyes. I was a-bed till nine o'clock—what a sight to angels! what a sight to myself would it have been if I had risen early, and visiting an healthy man, at nine o'clock in the morning, had seen in his bed-room, what I am now going to draw:

Where is my tobacco?  
 my pipe? Thus I was putting one question

I will make it a rule henceforward to draw, as well as I can, and to keep in my journal all situations, the ocular inspection of which shall strike me more with shame than if they were described only by words. Good God! if I had before my eyes faithful drawings of all situations of that kind, of every

every day of my life, would it be possible to be proud or vain, even for a single moment!

It was nine o'clock, as I have mentioned, when I rose, vexed at the disagreeable stench—the tea-kettle was on the table, the water almost boiling over; the sun shone through the half frozen windows, so dazzling, that I was ashamed of myself, and grew so uneasy, that I did not know what to do. Why did not some one awake me? What a terrible stench is this! Where is my tobacco and my pipe? Thus I was putting one question after the other to the servant who was just entering the room.—Only the third day of the year, said I to myself, as soon as I was left alone, and commenced in so shameful a manner!—It is so cold in the room, thought I, at the same moment, before I pursued the first idea. I went to the fire-side—No fire yet—



yet.—Somebody knocked at the door; I opened it, and Mr. M\*\*\* was standing there.—“I hope  
 “ I do not disturb you,” said he.—“ Not in the  
 “ least! I am extremely glad you are come”  
 —and yet I was very much displeased at it,  
 because I had something to do.—“ Walk  
 “ in! it is cold; let us sit down by the  
 “ fire.” I put my pelise (a) on, and seated  
 myself by the fire.—“ If you will give me  
 “ leave, I will read to you a trifle I com-  
 “ posed, a few days ago; I should like to  
 “ have your opinion of it:” so saying, Mr.  
 M\*\*\* took a paper out of his letter-case,  
 whilst I replied, “ with great pleasure!”—  
 He began to read; I was astonished; he  
 read with emphasis, and his looks seemed to  
 demand applause. I smiled and nodded, as  
 if highly pleased; and to confess the truth,

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(a) Coat, lined with fur.

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I hardly

I hardly knew what he was reading, so much was I absorbed in thoughts, and so little disposed to be attentive. Now he finished—"Excellent!" exclaimed I, "I hope you will publish it."—"Your approbation," replied he, "has sufficient weight with me, to encourage me to venture it—but you are too indulgent! Dare I leave this manuscript with you, that you may look it over, it has still many defects?" &c. &c.—"There is no occasion for it," answered I; "however, if you insist upon it, I will peruse it once more; I am sure I shall like it better on the second perusal." Alas! what a nonsensical flatterer I was; I have flattered, O! heart, and consequently have been an hypocrite.

Mr. M\*\*\* went away, and looking his manuscript over, I found unpardonable defects.—Thou hast deserved it, oh! heart;

now

now thou art punished! but how shall I retract my first opinion? Shall I confirm it? that would be abominable; give a contrary one; how humiliating!

First of all I will draw the scene so humiliating to me, in order to punish myself, and then send back the manuscript, with the following letter:

“ DEAR SIR!

“ I have read your manuscript; you will  
 “ expect my opinion of it in writing. First  
 “ of all, give me leave to tell you, that the  
 “ opinion I have given concerning it, has  
 “ been that of an inattentive, regardless,  
 “ and discomposed man. I have taken the  
 “ liberty of marking those passages which,  
 “ as I think, require correcting; the very  
 “ same passages which I, as far as I can  
 “ remember, seemed to approve. It is I,

D 2

“ and

“ and not *you*, who ought to blush, that my  
“ present opinion is quite the reverse of the  
“ former; however, you seemed to perceive  
“ yourself, that my applause did not come  
“ from the heart. I thank you for your  
“ kind, and in every respect unmerited, con-  
“ fidence, in leaving the manuscript with  
“ me. How uneasy would it have made  
“ me, if my unlimited applause had prompt-  
“ ed you to omit making such alterations,  
“ which I now think so necessary. You  
“ see I take revenge on myself, for my in-  
“ considerate approbation, by a frankness  
“ which, perhaps, would displease you, if  
“ you were not so noble-minded, so modest,  
“ and so humane. I am ready to give you  
“ every satisfaction for my first, and this my  
“ second, opinion,”—&c. &c.

“ Having wrote this note, I sent it before  
dinner to his house. It now was noon.—

“ Good



“ Good day to you, my dear !” said my wife, when I came down stairs.—I was (as I imagine, on account of my note) rather more cheerful, and in a jocose mood.—After dinner I went up stairs to my study. To-day, said I to myself, thou hast neither read thy rules, nor said thy prayers.—I now was alone, and could have performed what I had neglected this morning, however I was too lazy—I was indisposed—filled my pipe, and called for a candle—the candle was brought, and company announced. This day promises very little, said I to myself; and told the servant, I should be glad to receive the company. I smoked my pipe, put on my clothes, and had my hair dressed, when it struck three o’clock.

The whole evening was spoiled; news, political, and family tales; discourses on the weather; some new publications; several

odd marriages; the last play of the preceding year; comparisons between the theatre at Hambourg, Vienna, and Leipzig. These were the important matters which were the subject of conversation the whole evening.

Which of my rules has been executed to day? I will, however, peruse them, in order to be put to the blush—I will read them, and carefully commit to writing what my conscience accuses me of. I rose in the morning without the least sense of gratitude, without even offering a sigh to God—without recollecting my mortality—without bending my knees to God—in the name, and as a disciple of Jesus Christ. I am seized with a trembling.—Nothing has been done! An heathen could not have spent this day worse than I; and a rational heathen would have made a better use of it.—I have not read in

the

the gospel, nor chosen a sentiment for the day—and with what deed of charity has this day been marked. Have the members of my family had an opportunity of deriving the least benefit from my example or conversation.—It is nothing to me, whether other people will look upon this day, so void of virtuous deeds, as a mark of a very unchristian heart; the least consideration makes me sensible, that such a day is a very poor one, a disgrace to a Christian, and will not be viewed without horror in the hour of death. However, it is the first, and shall be the last day I will spend this year in such a manner.

## JANUARY the Fourth.

YES! I had a hard struggle this morning, before I could dispose my mind to prayer;—to converse with the Creator of heaven and earth, who is also my creator—this, certainly, is an occupation requiring the efforts of all the intellectual powers. I rose very early; I bent my knees; but with reluctance, and with a sort of timid bashfulness—but who made me blush! God? his holy angels? or myself? I know it is indifferent to the eternal God, in what posture we adore him; he is not moved by bended knees, nor flowing tears, nor pompous words, nor sighs; he is not moved by psalms, nor empty sounds. However I also know that timidity, laziness, and the struggles of the flesh, which prevent us from praying to him



him in a posture which we know is fitter than any other, to inspire us with a sense of humility, and of our dependance on him, or, at least, to promote these sentiments; I know that these unbecoming signs of weakness cannot be indifferent to *him*. I cannot tell what has prevented me from extinguishing the candle, or from pulling the screen down, and why I preferred to let it burn; though I could not conceal from myself, that I should have prayed with more devotion, with more composure, &c. &c. &c. if I had been in the dark.

I read the morning hymn, the general prayer, and the supplications of *Gellert*.—

Alas! why did I rise as soon as they were finished? And why did I not continue praying from the heart, what neither *Gellert*, nor *Klopstock*; what neither the greatest poet, nor the best adorers of God can teach me?

—Why

—Why must I have recourse to the words of another person, of a fellow-creature, when conversing with my Creator? What an horrible estrangement from God does this praying, with the words of others, suggest to me!

I shivered a little—put on warmer clothes, took up the Bible, and read from the seventh to the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew. I chose, as a sentiment for the present day, these words: *He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me*—words which thrill my soul. How can I apply them to myself without trembling? Whom of my friends do I not love more than Christ? Whom of my friends would I not rather like to please than my Saviour?—I am undoubtedly no worthy disciple of Christ; and yet I must needs become

come worthy of him, if he gives me eternal life.—Oh Lord! fill my soul with love for thee.—I can for hours familiarly converse with a friend; I leave him with reluctance; and when I am conversing with thee, I think each moment an hour. There is still some constraint in my prayers—I am still destitute of true love. Oh! thou most amiable of beings! Illuminate my soul with a ray of thy love, and let the spirit of adoption give witness to my spirit, that I am thy child.

I continued my journal from yesterday, executed the necessary drawing, and wrote the journal of this day so far—prayed with my wife; read the tenth chapter of St. Matthew to her; drank my tea, and then wrote till dinner-time. I resolved to stay at home the whole day, and to converse with myself in solitude. I succeeded pretty well; from three till seven o'clock I read the three first cantos

cantos of Klopstock's Messiah, without hardly ever stopping—What a noble soul! that can compose such a poem.—Wretched beings who abuse poetry by assailing him who has intrusted that gift to you, for the promotion of truth and virtue! I played on the harpsichord; ate my supper; read the rules—and blushed, because I had not performed a charitable work this day; though I should not have been in want of proper objects, if I had but taken a little pains to look out for them.

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JANUARY the Fifth.

I AWOKE in good time, and asked my wife if she would join me in praying. I roused her—we rose up and prayed. I was

—God



—God be praised ! not without feeling and devotion.—Yes!—O! how do I praise thee, omnipresent Love !—Tears of heart-felt joy bedewed my cheeks ; and the most noble and christian thoughts flashed through my tranquil and serene mind.—How lively did I feel the value of a still and early hour of devotion ; how was I grieved at the thought of having so frequently sacrificed that heavenly pleasure to a beastly laziness !

We read, in bed, the eleventh and twelfth chapters of St. Matthew. At first I intended to choose for a sentiment, for the present day, these words: *He that is not for me, is against me ; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.* However, I preferred the words: *Whosoever shall do the will of my father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.*—So sayeth the son of God ; he who gave me existence. Should any  
thing

thing in the world detain me from aspiring to that honour and that bliss, to which to compare the honours and the happiness of the world would be insanity?

I went to my work with a serene and tranquil mind; the time, till dinner, appeared very short; mean while I found it easy to raise, now and then, my heart sweetly in the confidence of God, and to reflect with seriousness on that passage: *Christ, who is God over all, blessed for ever, is not ashamed of calling thee brother! and who will grant to thee the rights of a brother, and co-heir.—Heirs of God; co-heirs with Christ; children of God; brothers of Christ.*—What magnificent denominations! what a distinction for a Christian; for man, who existeth but since yesterday!

A conversation on true and hypocritical piety, which took place during dinner, induced me to read the *Devotée*, a poem of  
Gellert.

*Gallert*. I was writing letters till three o'clock; one to my brother at Paris, whom I cautioned against dissipation, quoting the words of *Gellert*; "Once lost and parted with," &c. &c. and one to Mr. \*\*\*, on some undemonstrated and surreptitious definitions, on which objections against the Revelation have been founded. As soon as I had sent my letters to the post, I received, with much chagrin, a parcel of tracts and letters, which I had collected some years ago, and communicated to a friend. I began to read it with indifference, and put it aside, filled with shame; ordering the servant to wait while I wrote nearly the following answer:

"Your note, dear friend, is very incomprehensible to me; the little modesty, which my bad inclinations have left untouched, was in great danger of being entirely dispelled from my weak heart by  
" your

“ your treating me thus. Indeed you have  
“ acted very wrong ; you have entirely for-  
“ gotten the rule ;— *All things whatsoever ye*  
“ *would that men should do to you, do ye even so*  
“ *to them.* You have forgot that I am a  
“ poor, frail, erring mortal ; that I am still  
“ under the sway of those passions, which  
“ I cannot recollect without blushing ; that  
“ I frequently have confessed to you my  
“ being given to faults, which make it in-  
“ comprehensible to me, how you can be  
“ so indulgent, and how you can conti-  
“ nue my friend ; you have forgot that I  
“ dared to withhold, for whole hours and  
“ days, the due praise from him to whom  
“ praise and honour ought to be given ; and  
“ that I have applied it to myself, who am  
“ but a poor reptile. O ! my friend, if you  
“ look up to me, miserable, *sinful* mortal ; if  
“ you call a *frail* creature great, what ex-  
“ pressions



" preſſions will be left to you for addreſſing  
" the Almighty, and the Father of Spirits!

" If it had not been you, I ſhould have  
" looked upon ſuch language as a mark of  
" *non-friendſhip*, of *flattery*; my own heart,

" and a thouſand inſtances I have expe-  
" rienced, forbid me to ſuſpect you of any  
" thing of that kind. I only add, that, if

" your good heart miſguides you, to think  
" too highly of me; if you can ever ſtray ſo  
" far from truth, as to think me great, O!

" then recollect at the ſame time my great  
" and wicked corruptions, which I ſome-  
" times am very ſenſible of; and if that idea

" ſhould prompt your heart to withdraw  
" from me, and fill it with coolneſs and  
" contempt, which I indeed deſerve, then

" firſt recollect the ſincerity with which I  
" am ſometimes praying and doing good;

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particularly

“ particularly the sincerity with which I  
“ am,” &c. &c.

Having sent this answer by the servant, I  
was pretty easy in my mind; I flattered my-  
self, at the same time, to be void of vanity;  
and I can affirm—thanks to thee, O! my  
Creator, thou first and sole author of every  
pious thought! that nothing humbles me  
more than praise, which I am sensible I do  
not deserve

After supper I read the newspaper; ex-  
tinguished the candle, and walking up and  
down the room, bemoaned the misery of my  
fellow-believers in Poland. O! Lord and  
Father of men, be merciful unto thy peo-  
ple!

JANUARY

## JANUARY the Sixth.

I HAVE again begun the day with an unpardonable laziness. I tremble at my glaring inconsistency in whatever is good; at the incredible contradictions which I daily perceive in my principles, actions, and omissions.—O! shall I never be able to bring them to a perfect harmony—I fear, I fear I shall never succeed. How long shall I wait and sigh, meditate and struggle, before I shall be more able to rely on my sincerest resolutions! Although I awoke before seven o'clock, yet I tossed myself about in my bed, deaf to the voice of conscience, and callous to the recollection of the pleasure which my early morning devotion had afforded me yesterday, and slumbered till it had struck eight o'clock.

Angry at my wife's question—"whether  
"I could not pray and read with her," I sat  
down, and at first could not resist the im-  
patient wish to have finished the morning  
prayer, which I was reading from *Zolliko-  
fer's* hymn-book: yet some good thoughts  
penetrated through the mist which over-  
clouded my mind and my brow. Reading  
the words, *I renew hereby, in thy presence, the  
sincere resolution to suppress all irregular desires  
rising in my soul, to combat all bad habits I am  
given to,* my heart seemed to be convulsed  
with shame. I began to rouse myself; I  
read the passage once more, and felt sensi-  
bly how abominable it is to be so evidently  
averse from praying, and, nevertheless, to  
talk to the omnipresent God of a *sincere re-  
solution to combat all bad habits.*

Reading the passage, *Let me frequently re-  
collect that I must die!* I remembered having  
taken



taken a solemn resolution to dedicate some minutes, every morning, to the contemplation of my mortality; I therefore repeated that prayer, and not without benefit. Having finished my prayer, to which I added some hymns, my mind grew more serene; I felt some inclination to atone for the bad beginning of the day. I took up the New Testament, and read the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew, taking particular notice of the last words; *and he did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief.*

Unbelief, and want of confidence, are the natural causes of a sick man's not recovering his health, though he should have the best medicines; should not unbelief, in matters of religion, likewise, be an impediment founded on the nature of our soul, which prevents God from displaying his power and goodness to us, as it is his intention.

I now went to work with great serenity ; kissed my wife, and thanked her.—“ If you “ had not invited me to prayers,” said I, “ God knows what would have become of “ this day !”

She pressed my hand tenderly, replying, with unspeakable meekness—“ Go with “ cheerfulness to your work ; you still can “ do much good this day.”

I breakfasted, perused the newspaper, and then went to work. Every thing succeeded pretty well ; I thanked God, kneeled down, and attempted to adore him for a few moments.

Being called to dinner, I scarcely could believe that it was so late.

When I came down, I found my friend \*\*\*\* in the room, whom my wife had invited to dinner, in order to give me an unexpected pleasure. We said grace, silently, every

every one for himself.—It is very strange that we do not, as at other times, say grace aloud when a dear friend, who is a fellow-christian, dines with us. Is it bashfulness, modesty, or humility, our not being accustomed to it, or what is it that prevents us from doing it? I, at least, think it indicates something unnatural; weakness, timidity, and want of thankfulness of heart, which ought to flow from our lips.

During our silent prayers I repeated my sighs, which I had vented before when conversing with God in private, beseeching him to afford me, during dinner, an opportunity either to hear or to say something useful like a Christian.

The company seemed to have done praying before I had finished, which is a new proof how unbecoming silent prayers, before and after meals, are. One must always watch the company, in order to see whether

they have done praying, or not. What a miserable anxiousness to which our timidity in religious matters gives rise!

We sat down to dinner; I struggled some moments with myself, whether I should communicate to the company my thoughts on silent prayer, before and after our meals; however, this momentary interval had deprived me of the courage of attempting it.—O! thou narrow-minded soul, whose virtues can be destroyed by such trifles!

A bottle was overturned, and broken to pieces.—A tranquil, gentle, smiling look of my wife, restrained my rising anger.

On this occasion one of the company related the following story:—‘A pious man once received a present of a very costly set of china. He would not accept it; however, it was sent back again to him. At last he accepted it, and gave the porter some money to drink his health—took a key



key out of his pocket, and broke it to pieces with the greatest coolness.'——

“Very likely,” said he, “some person may happen to break it, and it is not less likely that it then may occasion a sinful anger in the heart of the possessor, or a secret anxiety in the mind of him that breaks it. If it should be admired, and frequently used on my table, I might by degrees grow so fond of it, that it might irritate me if any body, or perhaps myself, should break it through carelessness. I will therefore prevent any thing of that kind.”

This story edified me very much. A great deal was said for and against it.—I thought that it was a wise and noble deed (*b*).

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(*b*) Many people will be of a different opinion; the Translator at least is. For if the principles of our holy religion

At six o'clock in the evening I was left to myself, wrote my journal, smoked a pipe, amid different thoughts and fancies, and then sat down to supper. The conversation, during our meal, was neither good nor bad; we all prayed together. After supper I read my rules, and was—praised be God!—not ill satisfied with this day, though the beginning of it was so bad. I then kneeled down and prayed, particularly for my friends.

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religion should justify an action of that nature, it would then be laudable and wise to refuse to accept any gift of that benevolent Being, whose holy will it is that we should enjoy the blessings of this world; because they could tempt us to give vent to our passions, which would entirely undo the intention of God to cheer our pilgrimage to eternity, by the numberless earthly blessings he showers down upon us. If the Author's opinion could stand the test of reason, and the gospel doctrine, it then would be equally noble and laudable to throw away our money, because it can lead us to avarice. —

SUNDAY,

## SUNDAY, JANUARY the Seventh.

WHEN I awoke a messenger was waiting for me, delivering a letter from my friend \*\*\*\*, at H——, who entreated me to pay him a visit, if possible, for he was very ill.

I was frightened, and yet this intelligence had something pleasing in it, though, God knows! I love my friend sincerely; his death would grieve me much. It is not the first time that my fright, occasioned by afflicting intelligence, seemed to be mixed with secret joy. I recollect to have felt once, on a sudden alarm of fire, something so very pleasing, that, on cool reflection, makes me shudder. Was this sensation the effect of the novelty, and the suddenness of the alarm, or of the presentiment of the concern which those with whom I should have an opportunity

nity of conversing on that incident would show, and which is always somewhat flattering to the narrator? Or was it the effect of the confused idea of the changes which interrupted the sameness of my thoughts or occupations? Or was it, which is most likely, the consequence of the joyful sensation of being exempted from the misfortune which befalls or threatens others?

I should like to know what passes in the minds of other people, and, particularly, of those who have an humane, feeling heart, when they are surprised by important, and, at the same time, afflicting intelligence. However, I apprehend that most of them either do not pay proper attention to situations of that kind, or are too anxious to hide their feelings from others, and, perhaps, from themselves. Yet, I think, one ought to observe one's self with the utmost care in such cases;



cases; and, in order to recollect afterwards, to one's own benefit, the most secret emotions of the mind, one ought to commit them faithfully to writing in the first tranquil moment.

I communicated the letter to my wife, made preparations for my journey, settled in haste some business, gave some orders, and then stepped into the carriage.

—Consternation, anxiety, uneasiness, and a secret satisfaction, on account of the joy my speedy arrival would afford my friend, but not only on account of that joy, but also of the praise which I expected himself and his family would give me—and shame on account of that satisfaction—succeeded each other, alternately, in the first quarter of an hour.

I began to pray: “O! my God! how  
 “irregular and impure are my thoughts!  
 “When will my heart be in such a condition  
 “that I shall be able to look upon my-  
 “self

“self without blushing!—Merciful God!  
“guide my thoughts and sensations, parti-  
“cularly at present.”

I was cold, and I had pulled up the coach windows. Some poor children, who were going to church, begged a small charity; their hands were blue with the cold. I suffered them to run awhile, by the side of the coach, without stirring, and, half smiling—Laziness! was it thou that prevented me from letting down the window, or did avarice not suffer me to give a few halfpence to those poor children; or was I prompted by a childish pride to let them feel, and to enhance my greatness and my charity, if I should give them something; or what was it that made me act thus, a few minutes after I had been praying to God to guide my thoughts and sensations?—It was at least not handsome, and not noble.—However, I  
let

let down the window at last, put my hand in my pocket, rather out of humour, because the pelise I had on was in my way, and threw a couple of groats in the snow.—They were obliged to pick them up with their hands, swelled through cold.—Thus I acted, on a journey to a man who was dangerously ill.

I was ashamed; but endeavoured to rid myself of my shame by directing my thoughts to my friend; yet it was less the friendship, than a secret struggle of dispelling the disagreeable recollection of the baseness of my conduct, that prompted me to think of my friend. However, instead of praying for him, and of considering what I should say to him; how I might cause his last days to be a blessing to him, and to myself; instead of giving way to the more natural and tender feelings of pure friendship, I recalled to my mind

mind many sweet scenes of my life, which I had enjoyed in the company of that dear man. At once the thought, *he is ill, is dangerously ill!* fell heavy upon my heart.

I now saw him on his couch, emaciated and pale, his wife melting in tears.—I began to weep, to sigh, and to wring my hands. I took my handkerchief out of my pocket—and sentiments of pity and friendship warmed my heart.—“Good God!” exclaimed I, “preserve my best, my faithfullest friend—do not take him from me so soon! Give thy blessing to the medicines which are administered to him; let him recover; restore him to me!” Here I stopped, and stared a while, and prayed with more fervor. “O! let the tears of his wife be dear in thy sight! Restore to her the best of husbands, and to me the best of friends! Meanwhile I had put my hand in my left  
pocket,



pocket, and felt there was a book in it, which I had not recollected at first. It recurred to my memory that it was the New Testament, which I had taken with me, in order to select some passages, which I intended to converse about with my friend.— I took it out of my pocket, and opened it.— The first passage which struck me, was: *Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ*—and when praying for my sick friend, I had not had one thought, not the least reflection, on Jesus Christ—I had forgot entirely that I and my friend were Christians, that I ought to have prayed for him as for a disciple of Christ, and as a follower of Jesus; but, alas! I feel, I know that I am destitute of the true *spirit of Christ*. O Christ! Christ! how much art thou neglected by men, for whom thou hast purchased immortality with thy precious blood. My

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friend would die without hope, if thou hadst not sacrificed thy life for such as trust in thee. Now he will die in full confidence of the atonement thou hast made for repenting sinners, and at the last day rise to life immortal, to live for ever to praise thy holy name. And could I forget thee in my prayer; thee who art the author and giver of immortality?—These were my thoughts.

We came to a farrier's—"We must stop here," said the postillion; "the horses shoes must be fastened, and one which is lost, replaced."—Impatience! Impatience! how busy wast thou in my heart; I hesitated, whether I should get out and walk, as we were only one league distant from the abode of my friend. At last, being told that we should not stop above a quarter of an hour, I resolved to remain in the carriage; took out my memorandum-book, and continued my

my journal thus far.—“ *Well! Postillion! have you not done yet? You make it dam—’d long!*”—Like a flash of light’ning it darted through my soul: *Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus!* No! No! I cannot hide it from myself; I do not, for a single hour, continue to think, to act, and to talk like a Christian.

The farrier had done—how glad was I to be diverted again, and recalled from my late shameful sensations.

The postillion doubled his speed. I fancied the jostling, which promised to bring me a little sooner to the arms of my friend, would acquit me of reflecting and praying; however, the proximity, the proximity of my sick, dying friend pressed my heart; all within me was in a flutter. I came to myself—the stupor vanished—I grew all life, sensibility, warmth and friendship—the postillion found-





“to ourselves!” said my sick friend, with a tranquillity which afforded me unspeakable comfort.

Tea was brought in, and I requested to use my commodity. I did it; but every moment, which delayed the conversation with my friend, lay heavy upon me. At length the room was cleared, and I left alone with him:—“Come nearer,” said he. O! that I could but imprint faithfully on my memory, and never forget all, all his last ineffimable words! O! that I also could do it with that simple, sincere, heart-cutting tone with which he pronounced them. I stood by his bed-side; he was lying on his back, almost exhausted, and said:—“I have many things to tell you, dear friend; however, my weakness bids me to mention only what is most necessary; I need not to en- treat you to double your attention.—First

“ of all, I thank God that I enjoy once  
“ more, before I leave this world, the un-  
“ speakable pleasure of disclosing my heart  
“ to you. I hope God will grant me suffi-  
“ cient strength, and give his blessing to my  
“ words. I am dying, my friend! I shall  
“ tarry here below only a few days longer,  
“ perhaps only a few hours. God be praised!  
“ that after unspeakable struggling, I can  
“ bear the idea of dying; that I can endure  
“ it at last—at last—O! my friend! after  
“ an unspeakable struggle; and can, with  
“ confidence in Jesus Christ, behold, with  
“ an ardent desire, my approaching dissolu-  
“ tion. It is true, my much beloved and  
“ faithful wife—her tears, her languishing  
“ countenance, and the sight of you—O!  
“ how could that be indifferent to me.”  
Here he stopped, seeing that my tears and  
distress prevented me from listening to his  
words.

words. I constrained myself to suppress my emotion.—“Yes, my friend!” continued he, “your tears affect me; but I have conquered—I die without reluctance; but (here he squeezed my hand with tenderness) to your care I entrust the soul of my wife; comfort her—cheer her up—pray for her!—

“However, we must make the best use of the few remaining moments; I begin already to feel the effects of talking, and the emotions of my soul. Let me tell you, in few words, but enforce it on your soul—I have not led the life of a Christian—I have not been an hypocrite, my friend, not what the world calls an hypocrite; however, I have not been a Christian; and, I trust, that you will thank me in the next world, for this wound which I *must* inflict on your heart. We

“ have not been *Christian friends*; the spirit,  
“ and the love of Jesus Christ, has not dwelt  
“ in us. Our friendship was not founded  
“ on him, not animated by him, not active  
“ in promoting his honour. How many  
“ hundred hours of our short, short life,  
“ have we killed with the most idle and use-  
“ less conversation—with plans of ambi-  
“ tion—of ambition, my friend! God knows  
“ I am speaking with the greatest delibera-  
“ tion. Even what the world calls rightful  
“ and noble ambition, is abominable in the  
“ sight of God, an ever destroying poison to  
“ the soul, a bane to all virtues; a hell to  
“ the heart which begins to perceive that it  
“ is near the gates of death; which begins  
“ to be sensible of the eternity of God, of  
“ Christ’s unspeakable majesty, and his in-  
“ comparable humility.—O! my friend! that  
“ passion has caused me a thousand burn-  
“ ing,



“bing, burning tears of unutterable grief,  
“struggles full of woe—deeper than I can  
“describe it, in a manner which you can-  
“not conceive an idea of—unspeakably  
“deep have I been afflicted by every im-  
“pulse of that monster, which rushed upon  
“my mind on the brink of eternity.—O! how  
“heavenly true are thou, word of my Sa-  
“viour: *Whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be*  
“*abased!* Jesus Christ was humility itself, in  
“the full sense of the word—*It is enough for*  
“*the disciple that he be as his Lord! and the*  
“*servant as his master.*—O! friend, do not  
“forget these words! I die—but truth shall  
“never die, Heaven and earth shall pass  
“away; but not the words of Jesus Christ.  
“O! my dear, dear friend; how are my  
“best actions dwindling away on the brink  
“of the grave; and how horribly are my  
“faults and foibles, which I formerly thought  
“little

“ little, towering up.—Alas ! how little do  
“ we know ourselves, although the buffle  
“ of life should be ever so gentle.—O ! how  
“ dreadful is the silence of death ; how  
“ dreadful the stillness of eternity !—O ! how  
“ terrible the heavy load, the load of our  
“ own heart, so extremely corrupted !—  
“ God ! God ! Creator ! Jesus Christ !—  
“ What words are these ! What thoughts  
“ do they contain ! How many thousand  
“ times have I pronounced these words,  
“ without reflecting on the impenetrable  
“ and ever adorable author of my existence,  
“ my life, and immortality.—Creator ! Fa-  
“ ther ! What name shall I give to thy  
“ mercy, which will forgive for ever these  
“ numberless, enormous acts of thoughtless-  
“ ness ; thy mercy which will forget them,  
“ and destroy, through Jesus Christ, all the  
“ bad consequences they produced to me,  
“ and

"and others. I am almost speechless."—

"Thou art; yes, thou art, *love*."

"My friend! I have now three things  
"more on my mind; I have several God-  
"children, whom I intended to instruct,  
"and to educate. I thought it so much  
"the more incumbent on me, because it  
"did not please providence to bless me  
"with children of my own.—I entreat you  
"to supply my place; I have set apart four  
"hundred dollars for four of them, whose  
"names and abode my wife will tell you. I  
"bequeath them to you; I need not tell  
"you more."

"You will find a volume of Buffon's  
"Histoire Naturelle in my library. I have,  
"out of an unpardonable carelessness, de-  
"layed, from one day to the other, to re-  
"turn it to Mr. N. to whom it belongs,  
"and who must have forgot that he lent it  
"me."

“ me. Return it to him, beg his pardon in my  
“ name, and ask him if there is any book in  
“ my library he should like to have ; if there  
“ is, let him have it ; if he should ask none,  
“ give him my elegant edition of Horace.  
“ Alas ! there was much petty vanity in  
“ the choice of my books. How many dol-  
“ lars could I have employed to better pur-  
“ poses—and how many hours too ! O ! my  
“ friend, how important is every hour of so  
“ short a life——.”

Here my friend stopped--tears bedewed  
my cheeks—he looked at me with inward  
grief.—“ O ! my friend ! ” resumed he, “ I  
“ have, knowingly, uttered a calumny against  
“ an honest man ; have done it from mo-  
“ tives, which, I hope, God will forgive me,  
“ and erase the impression of it for ever  
“ from my immortal soul.—Go to him as  
“ soon as I am dead ; I would say while I  
“ am



“ am living, if I did not want all my remain-  
“ ing moments to converse with you. Go,  
“ and offer him this hand, which I am now  
“ pressing within mine, and which is be-  
“ dewed with the sweat of my approaching  
“ death, tell him that I have shed bitter  
“ tears on account of that calumny—em-  
“ brace him, in my name, and then go to  
“ Mr. M. and D. Go (I conjure you by  
“ my dying moments not to omit it, in  
“ order to spare me after my death) and tell  
“ them what anguish of soul this calumny  
“ has given me on my death-bed.”

Here my friend stopped; I promised to  
execute his requests faithfully.—“ God will  
“ reward you for it, best of men!” added  
he, and ordered his family to come again  
into the room. My heart was now so tran-  
quil that I seemed to have entirely forgot  
the greatness of the impending loss. He fell  
asleep,

asleep, and I hastened to insert in my journal, as accurately as possible, whatever I had heard.—O! sacred hour! and ye last heart-thrilling words of my dying friend, be for ever present to my mind.—O! that this leaf, and the drawing I am going to make of this afflicting scene, could render them for ever present to my memory.

The whole afternoon passed quietly; I was sitting by his bed-side the greatest part of it, absorbed in serious meditations, sighing, weeping—and yet, almost the whole time, easy and serene. I could do very little besides reading to my friend some dying hymns, stopping now and then, interrupted by many sighs and tears. My friend appeared to be very much affected while I was reading to him; repeated with great emotion, and many sighs, single words and short passages of the hymns, but talked very little the whole afternoon.

afternoon. My heart was bleeding, because I was not enabled to say the least word that might have afforded him comfort and pleasure in his dying moments. He was extremely weak, and said once, "it afforded him unspeakable comfort that he could sigh so silently, and meditate without being interrupted." Although I was sighing so frequently, yet I was not disposed to pray silently and continuedly—I ventured to take up my journal, and continued it thus far—and frequently listening to the broken accents of my friend, I now ventured to write down some thoughts by his bedside, for I know what a deep impression such recollections sometimes produce in the heart.

*Thoughts*

*Thoughts and Sensations by the Death-bed of  
my Friend.*

*Sunday the Seventh of January, 1769.*

*Six o'Clock in the Evening.*

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ONE of my dearest friends on earth is now stretched out before me, too weak to utter a single word to his tender wife, or to me—the same man, whom I so often have pressed to my bosom, who was so lively and so active.—But, God be praised! tranquillity and peace are poured in his soul, and he burns with a silent desire for immortality—for the sight of him he loves, though he never saw him—in whom he rejoiceth with an unspeakable and heavenly pleasure.—O! that I on my death-bed might be as easy as my friend, and, like him, await the glory  
of



of the invisible world, with resignation and hopeful confidence! But the words he addressed to me to day—yes! all my limbs are still trembling—yes, dearest soul! I have felt the truth of thy words; however, I am afraid of my heart, I dread the time when thou shalt leave me—for I know, I know my forgetfulness—but is it possible that I ever should forget thy words.—O! thou mean ambition! Shouldst thou ever resume again the sway over me. I have oftentimes been sensible how foolish thou art; I have frequently bemoaned thy power over me, and cursed thee in the presence of my God.—The voice of a dying friend, which penetrates to the deepest recesses of my humanity, now warns me likewise against thee—that I should not again court the applause of mortal men. My friend wanted some drink; I mixed a little raspberry wine with water,

and gave it him. His wife raised him up, and he took the glass—"Good God! what  
"an undeserved refreshment! How many  
"poor people long in vain for what my benevolent, faithful God now grants me. O!  
"ye fellow-strugglers! who are with me on  
"the brink of the grave—could I but relieve  
"you, as God has relieved my body and soul.  
"—Let me now rest again, my friends!"  
—We sat down to supper; he seemed to sleep.—"You will not forsake me," said his wife to me; "he has bequeathed to me  
"your friendship. Has he not? thou faithful friend of my dearest husband."—O!" said I, "my whole heart is yours; I wish I  
"did not live at so great a distance from  
"you." I then shewed her, in my journal, the passages relating to her; she wept, and I shed tears with her. God! how we were terrified!—we heard him rattle in the throat  
—he

—he breathed with difficulty—he opened his eyes, staring—his hand trembled. “Let us kneel down and pray!” exclaimed I, bending my knees, and directing my face towards the bed, I prayed aloud, whilst a stream of tears ran down my face: “Lord! “ Lord! our God! merciful and gracious, “ have mercy on our dear dying brother! “ he is thy creature! have mercy on him! “ Jesus Christ has suffered death for him. “ Have mercy on him; pour light into his “ soul! support him, thou God of love! let “ him powerfully feel thy mercy! grant him, “ in the agony of death, a distant foretaste “ of the joys of the eternal contemplation of “ thee! O! Jesus Christ! thou hast tasted “ the bitterness of death for us all; hast “ tasted it also for our dying friend! Thou “ knowest the agonies of the dying; thou “ knowest his sufferings; thou art all com-  
G 2 “ passion,

"passion, and powerful to support those  
 "who are wrestling with death. O! pene-  
 "trate him with the animating power of  
 "thy eternal spirit! Purify and sanctify him  
 "entirely through and through, that his soul  
 "and body may be kept unspotted until the  
 "day of thy coming in glory. Give him a  
 "foretaste of the joys of the resurrection;  
 "and of the raptures which thy eternal love  
 "inspires; give him courage, that he may  
 "not be terrified by death! Make him truly  
 "sensible of thy love, that he may not be  
 "afraid of appearing before the light of  
 "thy countenance.—Have mercy on him;  
 "strengthen him! save him! make him  
 "happy for ever!"

Thus I prayed, and, God be praised! did  
 it with great fervour, with a lively belief,  
 and an overflowing heart.

I got up, looked at my dying friend, who  
 appeared



appeared to have recovered a little, and we relaxed in praying. My heart exhorted me to go on; but my knees would not bend any longer. I went to the window in order to rest myself a little; I folded my arms, and sighed a few moments—heard my dear friend still breathe with difficulty, and shed some tears. I then seated myself by the side of his afflicted wife, took her by the hand, and addressed her thus:—“ Our dear friend will soon have conquered; he will soon be delivered for ever from his present agony and every pain. I am sure his mind is serene, and probably he feels no longer the sting of death. Don’t grudge him the bliss which awaits him, and always recollect that God is your father, and Jesus your faithfullest and eternal friend. A few years, dear friend, a few years longer,

“and they will fleet away like days—and  
“you will be united to him for ever.”

“Yonder we behold in brightness,

“All the friends who went before;

“Foes and death shall then not part us;

“Death and grave afflict no more.”

“O! dear friend!” said she, “do not for-  
“sake me! If you could but always remain  
“with me—but when the darling of my  
“heart is dead, and you are returned to  
“your family—alas! how gloomy will my  
“life then be!”

“Yes!” replied I, “I feel the greatness  
“of your grief, and the burthen which  
“threatens to lie heavy on your soul! How-  
“ever, this dear man will then still be  
“living, and pray to our heavenly father to  
“grant you blessing and strength; and I  
“know, and many sincere souls will know

“it

"it too, that pure religion, and undefiled worship before God the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction."——"AND TO KEEP HIMSELF UN-SPOTTED FROM THE WORLD!" exclaimed my dying friend, turning towards us. We started up, seized with astonishment, leaned over him, and looked at each other, exclaiming, He still hears what we are speaking:—"Woe unto us if we ever forget his powerful admonitions!" Nothing would have been more natural than to pray with my dying friend, or to read to him the most pertinent passages of the gospel; but, God knows, timidity or bashfulness prevented me from doing it—and how incapable I found myself to entertain my friend with due fervor. I endeavoured to lull my conscience asleep, persuading myself that he had no occasion for it, and that he was capable to

feed his soul with the comforting truth of the gospel without my assistance. Nevertheless, I could not help feeling, with a pungent shame, my want of that true sense of christianity, and of that fullness of sensibility, with which our lips are wont to overflow.

The condition of my friend remained unaltered till twelve o'clock; he still breathed distinctly, but uttered not a single word more. I continued my journal thus far, in order to avoid falling asleep. At length we fancied that he was departed: taking the candle, and approaching the bed, we found that he was drawing near his dissolution—he breathed with difficulty; I heard a gentle sigh: his wife began to weep aloud—"O! dear, dear soul! alas! he is dying—God have mercy on me!—he is dying!" I now ventured to say—and indeed it came from my



my heart—while tears gushed from my eyes —“ *I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me shall live, though he were dead.*” This, my dear friend! feels the darling of our heart much stronger than we can conceive.” No sooner had I said this, but he expired.—“ Jesus! Christ! he is dead!” exclaimed his wife, leaning over him, “ he is dead! Alas! he is dead!”—“ No, my friend! he is living, as true as Jesus Christ lives.” However, when I cast my eyes towards him, and applied my hand to his cheeks, all my courage and comfort fled. I was ready to drop down, and could not help repeating, with tears in my eyes, *he is dead!* my feelings were unutterable; I tried to compose myself.

We wrapped my deceased friend up—I almost fainted away.

Thus

Thus thou also shalt be wrapt one time——

Then weeps the comfort of my life,

My friend, and with him weeps in vain

The darling of my heart, my wife;

No tears will call me back again.——

O! God! what is the son of dust? What  
am I, who am yet among the living? This  
hand, which holds and guides the pen, shall  
soon be stiff and cold; not feel the warming  
breath, not feel the darling's kisses whom I  
shall leave behind. And thou, my weeping  
eye, thy tears will cease one time to flow;  
thou shalt one time be dimm'd like these  
fightless eyes of my dear sleeping friend.  
Thou shalt then breathe no more, my mouth!  
my tongue shall cease to talk; I shall then  
be stretched on the bed, and hear no more,  
what, nigh and far from my cold corpse, they  
then will talk of me, hear neither praise nor  
blame.

blame. O! God! how deep do I now feel, what I, many thousand times, have been repeating without sense, and what I secretly have laughed at with disgust, as if it had been the most common trifle—that I am a mortal. O! what a difference is it to *profess* a truth, and to *feel* a truth!

Thus far I wrote in my bed-chamber, after my deceased friend had been wrapt in his shroud, and laid on a clean bed.

Being quite alone, one pair of stairs higher than the corpse, I was seized with such horror, that I hardly ventured to lift up my eyes, and to leave off writing. I hesitated whether I should extinguish the candle, or not. O! what a weak philosopher I am; what a pitiful Christian! who am I afraid of? Do I dread the body or the soul of my dear friend? And is not God present where I am?—I grew a little more composed—

rose

rose up, undressed myself, extinguished the fire, and went to bed. O! how much had I to think, to feel, and to pray! however, I was tired, and fell asleep:

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JANUARY the Eighth.

IT struck six o'clock when I awoke, and I was so easy in the first moment of awaking, that I seemed to have entirely forgot the loss of my best friend; but that tranquillity lasted only a few moments. He is dead—my friend—beneath me lies his breathless corpse—where may now his soul be, where he himself? Alas! far distant from me! I cannot overtake him, not weep him back again; he is surrounded with light, and I with darkness: Alas! I can enjoy no longer,

not



not for a single hour, even not for a moment, my faithful, pious, and amiable friend.—I wept bitterly, and was glad that I could weep—Alas! how little did I enjoy him, thought I, but now my repentance comes too late; how little have I conversed with him on his and my immortality: I have, indeed, frequently discoursed with him on immortality in general, and on religion too, but how seldom on *our* immortality, on *his* and *my* Creator and Redeemer! And now he is gone over to better regions, in order to behold him who has created and regenerated him, leaving me behind, in the night and bustle of this life. O what an unhappy year is this to me! All the feelings of wounded friendship are roused within me; how quickly have you slipped away, ye sweet, but, alas! only half enjoyed days!—How was I blinded!—He invited me so tenderly last year to see  
him,

him, and I dreaded to make that short journey in winter. Alas! how sensibly must I now smart for that laziness! Alas! I was to see him now only one single day, and on that very day I must be a witness of his death!—Such thoughts frequently occurred in my mind; I wrapped myself repeatedly in my blanket, and could not leave off weeping.—Some person knocked at the door; I was much frightened, because I did not recollect that I had desired yesterday to be awakened soon after six o'clock.—How little did I appear to myself, as soon as I recollected it!—I called for a light, got up, and did not pray.—O! God! why did I not pray? I fancied my grief, my tears, and my gloomy reveries, would serve instead of prayers; I rather would give myself up to them, than pray—I seated myself by the chimney-side, lighted the fire, and spent a full quarter of an hour

hour with this trifling occupation. Nothing but transitory fancies, though gloomy, yet not in the least connected with morality or religion, entered my mind.

The clock struck seven, and now the consciousness of my mortality was roused again. Again I have trifled away half an hour—six hours are already past, since my dear friend has been admitted to adore God in the light of eternity, enjoying the fruits of his life. O heart! O heart! canst thou refuse to pray?—I tremble at thy thoughtlessness.

I rose, placed the table close to the fire-side, and did *not* pray, but continued my journal thus far.—I cannot but confess, though reluctantly, that love of diversion, and a secret aversion from praying, prompted me to do it; I would rather write down, and confess all my follies—but no; not all—I never would confess them all—I have no true de-  
fire

fire to mend my life. My better feelings, my good resolutions, and my virtues, depend all on accidental external circumstances; and even these circumstances lose frequently their efficacy after a few minutes.—I will not write a word more; I will lay down the pen, and pray; will pray, because I have a secret aversion from doing it.

What a horrid thought! I walked up and down the room, began to sigh repeatedly, and to be afflicted on account of the stubbornness and inconstancy of my heart. “O! God,” said I, “merciful God! why am I so averse from conversing with thee? Shall my heart ever remain cold? Shall it ever love thee in so imperfect, ambiguous, and ungrateful a manner? O! when shall I be enabled to confide in my feelings?—Canst thou not break this heart of stone? not inspire me with a love entirely sincere, constant,



“constant, and invincible.—O! why do I  
“forget thee so soon? Why do I forget my-  
“self almost every moment? O! must I then,  
“even to day, while I am surrounded with  
“the strongest incitements, complain of my  
“poor heart. Alas! I am still destitute of  
“a lively conviction of that fundamental  
“strength which possesses the whole soul,  
“has an innate energy, and is, in some re-  
“pects, entirely independent on external  
“impulses! O! shew me what is needful  
“for me, and give me what will lead me to  
“piety, and eternal happiness!”

Thus I prayed, kneeled down, and strug-  
gled with God for his blessing to my virtue,  
and for every comfort to the widow of the  
deceased.

Hearing somebody come up stairs, I rose  
hastily up in the midst of my prayers, as if I  
had been ashamed, or doing some bad action.

—In order to avoid being thought an hypocrite (whispered my heart to me, in a palliating manner), I washed myself, and rinsed my mouth; the water was cold, and got into an hollow tooth. Angry with myself, and vexed at this trifling accident, I became again destitute of all pious sensations—I was again shocked at myself.—I find I have not yet learned how to bear a trifling momentary pain, or the anguish caused by a little negligence, with that gentle tranquillity and patience, which becomes the wise, and is so requisite in a Christian!

I was writing this journal till eight o'clock, and then went down stairs, full of grief, and in a serious mood. The widow looked pale, and was clad in black (God! what a sight to me!): I embraced her, and bedewed her cheek with sympathetic tears.—“Alas!” said she, weeping, “this is the first day of my  
 — widow-

"widowhood—I cannot believe that he is  
 "dead! God! what a night have I had—  
 "I have not enjoyed a wink of sleep; how-  
 "ever, my sister kept me company, and  
 "comforted me, by reading prayers and  
 "hymns to me."

I endeavoured to make her easy, and went  
 with her to see the corpse. She leaned over  
 it, and wept bitterly.

### JANUARY the Ninth.

I COULD spare no time yesterday for the  
 continuation of my journal; having assisted  
 in settling several matters, and wrote some  
 letters to the relations of the deceased, giving  
 frequent vent to the fervent effusions of my  
 heart, and to the tears of sincere sensibility.

H 2

However,

However, my abominable vanity mixed now and then with these sensations; my heart misgave me when I perceived it, and recalled to my mind my departed friend, and his last words; I got up, and wept for myself.

*Copy of a Letter to the Brother of the  
Deceased..*

“ YOU have lost a brother, and I a friend,  
“ who, without contradiction, deserves our  
“ tears and tender remembrance.—I have  
“ had the mournful satisfaction of seeing  
“ him expire. O! God! how he died!—  
“ so easy, so tranquil, so serene, and so re-  
“ plete with the most Christian sensations  
“ and holy belief; yes, I never shall forget  
“ his last conversation. O! how I thank  
“ God, or rather, how much reason have I  
“ to thank God, that I saw him the last day  
“ of



“ of his life—it was an unspeakable blessing  
“ to me! O! that I may never, in my whole  
“ life, render myself unworthy of it! He  
“ went to his eternal rest without the least  
“ conceit or affectation; as artless as a child,  
“ and as sublime as an angel, if angels could  
“ die. His whole mind was occupied with  
“ his expected dissolution, in the beginning  
“ of his illness, of which he, at the latter end  
“ of last year, appears to have had a fore-  
“ boding; having endeavoured to settle all  
“ his affairs with an unusual accuracy, and  
“ copied his will.

“ He frequently begged to be left alone;  
“ and was oftentimes found in his bed, lying  
“ on his face, in a kind of swoon, his eyes  
“ being wet with tears. His sins, even his  
“ smallest faults, grieved him very much; he  
“ confessed them not only in general, but  
“ mentioned them singly; he did not attempt

“ to palliate them, but confessed them with  
“ so innocent, so modest, and so amiable a  
“ simplicity, that it is not in my power to  
“ give you an adequate idea of my joy and  
“ admiration. His humility was so great,  
“ so unaffected, so wise, that I could not  
“ enough admire and adore the greatness of  
“ God’s grace, which was so evidently work-  
“ ing in his soul. I should never have done  
“ writing to you, if I were to enlarge, as I  
“ wish to do, on the many sources of com-  
“ fort he has opened to his friends in his last  
“ days ; however, I mean to do it ere long,  
“ if it please God. The widow of my de-  
“ ceased friend, feels indeed heavy enough  
“ the loss she has suffered ; yet, I hope, her  
“ being certain that our late dear friend has  
“ changed for the better, and other conso-  
“ lations of our holy religion, against which  
“ her pious heart is not shut up, will soon  
“ entirely

E H

“entirely restore to her the resignation  
“which is so becoming and salutary to us,  
“and does so much honour to the power of  
“the Gospel. It would, indeed, contribute  
“much to it, if you, dear brother of my best  
“friend, would visit her as soon as possible,  
“which will be the more necessary, on ac-  
“count of the arrangement of different  
“œconomical concerns, which the deceased  
“has, indeed, left in the best order, as far  
“as it lay in his power.”

Having finished my letters, I sealed and sent them to the post, after I had read them to the widow, who found no small consolation in it. I scarcely had reflected on myself a moment, when it struck twelve o'clock: had I still been in the room.

During dinner we were pretty easy, and conversed frequently about the deceased. His wife related, among other things, that last

November he had secretly sold, for twelve ducats, a very valuable book, and a gold medal, and paid with that money the board of a poor child, that had run away from his vicious parents, who wanted to bring him up to begging. Another time, he sent secretly by the post ten dollars, along with a consolatory note, to a poor widow, of whom he accidentally had heard a very good character. "O! my friend," said I, when she related this, "how blessed must the widow of such a man be! The tears of widows, which God counts, will mix with yours, to your blessing."

Thus far I continued my journal after dinner. We were engaged almost the whole afternoon in receiving visits; I had a great deal to relate, and several things to settle, and yet could, God be praised! think now and then with devotion on God, and, with  
pious



pious sensations, on my deceased friend.

—The whole day appeared to me to have been only an hour. We did not sup before nine o'clock; prayed together, sang some hymns, and went to bed at eleven o'clock.

### JANUARY the Tenth.

—TO-DAY my friend was buried—O! how shall I sufficiently animate and collect my thoughts and feelings? How sensible am I, that I am still very deficient in meditating on the most important objects of human knowledge.—O! God! how weak I am still! —I have already past the meridian of life, and never yet dedicated half a day to the contemplation of myself, my destination, my mortality, and immortality. O! thou abominable

minable love of amusement, thou foe to reason and true wisdom! thou destroyer of peace of mind—thou robber of happiness—thou source of all follies and vices! When shall I be freed from thy dictates, which prevent me from conversing with myself?

I will go to the coffin of my beloved friend, before it is screwed up; I will go thither, and meditate there before the face of the Lord, and give vent to my grief; it may, perhaps, please God to bless my meditation in such a manner, that this mournful but important day, may prove to me a source of everlasting joy, and the beginning of a new and better life.

Thus far I wrote—went down stairs, and begged to be only one hour by myself—I opened the door of the room, where my deceased friend lay—the smell of corruption assailed me as I entered. I was seized with  
horror;

horror; however, I took courage, shut the door after me, opened the lid, rather fearfully, and placed it against the wall; removed, with secret awe, the cloth which covered the clay-cold face of my deceased friend, and looked at it awhile, half kneeling and musing; this is the substance of my meditations:—

“ Here thou art lying, my brother, thou  
“ faithfullest and best of friends!—pale, cold,  
“ speechless, and without sensation, art thou,  
“ lying in thy coffin, the limits of mortality  
“ and human misery.—My eyes are weep-  
“ ing over thee—thou seest me no more;  
“ thy inexpressible mild, serene, never-to-be-  
“ forgotten, and heart-piercing look, meets  
“ my eyes no more. Alas! with a trem-  
“ bling hand do I take hold of thine; but it  
“ does not return the pressure of mine.  
“ Thou hast no speech; not a word, not  
“ one

“ one look ; no pressure of thy hand, no  
“ breath for thy friend. Nothing is left to  
“ me, but to stay a few hours with thy  
“ corpse, and all will be taken from me ;  
“ Alas ! thy forsaken friend shall then have  
“ nothing left of thee !——

“ O ! my brother ! how many hours have  
“ I spent by thy side !—how many joys and  
“ pains shared with thee !—how much hast  
“ thou taught me !——but, alas ! how much  
“ more could I have learned ! Open was  
“ thy ear to truth, and insatiable thy thirst  
“ after virtue—patient, like a lamb ; hum-  
“ ble, like a child, didst thou close thy days,  
“ dreamed away so soon.—O ! that I could  
“ implore heaven to grant me a death-bed  
“ like thine—thy heroic struggles with thy  
“ self, and thy triumph over thy heart !—  
“ Alas ! only a few weeks ago, I received  
“ a letter from thee—how little did I appre-  
“ hend



“ hnd that it would be the last—that I  
“ should see thee only once more, only for a  
“ few hours—and then dying—and now  
“ dead.—Yes—dead—in thy coffin.—  
“ Alas! thy speechless tongue, thy motion-  
“ less hands, thy stiff feet, tell it me but too  
“ plainly!—O! if I knew—if I could but  
“ faintly guess, that thou dost hear me, how  
“ would I raise my voice, how loud exclaim:  
“ Do not forget me, my brother, do not,  
“ surrounded by immortals, forget a mortal  
“ man! And if thou still canst do any thing  
“ for me, O then intercede for me with our  
“ heavenly Father, that I may be enabled to  
“ live as piously, and die as tranquilly, as  
“ thou didst live and die; pray, that two  
“ parts of thy sincerity and humility, of thy-  
“ love to human-kind, and of thy genero-  
“ sity, may be granted me.—  
“ Thou hast sent for me to thy death-bed  
—thou

“—thou didst smile at me so kindly when I  
“came—thou hearest my prayer, which,  
“alas! expired so soon!—thou gavest me  
“thy blessing—but when I shall be stretched  
“out and languish, and struggle with death,  
“I shall not have the heavenly pleasure, and  
“the unspeakable comfort, of seeing thee  
“by my death-bed, lifting up thy hands,  
“and bending thy knees for me. No gos-  
“pel-comfort for me; no strengthening  
“prayer for me; no heart-consoling hymn  
“will then flow from thy lips, and pene-  
“trate my faintly-hearing ears. Thou shalt  
“not then see me; at least I shall not see  
“thee, nor know whether I shall be so  
“happy of being seen by thee.”

Hearing somebody come, I started up, wiping the dust from my knees, and went to open the door. It was — — —  
I went to my room, inserting my feelings in  
my

my journal, as well as I could remember them. Once more, thought I, I will go down, and converse a few minutes longer with the corpse of my beloved friend.

I was left to myself for half an hour.—

How mournfully pleased was I in that awful solitude!—It is true, the marks of corruption filled me anew with horror on opening the door. I put the lid upon the coffin, leaving it open scarcely a third part.—

“Alas!” thought I by myself, “I have seen  
“thy face for the last time, my now happy  
“friend! Alas! the traces of corruption  
“chafe me away from the sight of thee,  
“once so pleasing to me: Alas! must I bend  
“my head so soon over thy half-shut coffin,  
“and tell my feelings, in a trembling ac-  
“cent, to this gloomy solitude, without  
“seeing thee.—

“O! I will once more vow to thee, on  
“thy coffin, to remember thy virtue, and  
“thy

“thy friendship, until I also shall be stretched  
“out in my coffin.—Yes, once more will I  
“lay my hand upon thy heart—that hand  
“which has closed thy eyes—I promise  
“thee before God, and, perhaps, in the  
“presence of thy immortal spirit, that I  
“will never forget thee; I will live in such a  
“manner, as if thou wert still a constant wit-  
“ness of my life—Good deeds, nothing but good  
“deeds shall this hand perform; pious words,  
“nothing but pious words shall flow from these  
“lips, which are now pronouncing, over thy  
“coffin, vows so sacred.”

Having walked up and down the room  
several times, I shut the coffin, a tear of  
friendship starting from my eye; I went  
back to my room, in order to imprint this  
important hour on my memory, and, if pos-  
sible, to engrave it indelibly on my mind, by  
writing my feelings carefully down.

If I may make a drawing of my situation,  
and



and if I can expect that an intuitive representation of it will afford me some instruction, why then shall I not draw a design of it? Can there exist one which promises to afford me more instruction, and to make a livelier impression on my mind, than this?

O! may I never forget thee, sacred hour of my first view!—O! may I frequently contemplate thee, faint remembrance of my glorified friend!—Mayest thou deter me for ever from every folly, and every sin; deter me as powerfully as his last spirited discourse!—I put my hand to my burning forehead—touched my eyes—and—like a rapid torrent—this thought rushed on my mind: “These eyes shall moulder away; these limbs, which are so dear to me, and so necessary, which appear, and which I am so sensible to be very essential parts of my being, shall all become useless and

“corruption—they are nothing: *Flesh and*  
“*blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven.*  
“My friend is not corruption, he is immortal; but yonder in that coffin is mere  
“corruption, and it contains not a spark  
“of immortality.”——It matters not, whether thy spirit, O my beloved! dwells among corruption like God, who even in the grave resides—whether *thou*, who art dear to my soul—not *thou* earthen vessel, house of clay—not *thou*, visible image of the invisible—but *thou thyself*, thou invisible light and life, quietly resteth yonder among the—alas! already noisome—wrecks, like fire, covered with cinders; or whether thou art out of the reach of corruption, and the visible things be as invisible to thy new-modelled senses, as night is to an inhabitant of the sun!—Yes, perhaps, thou art yet here; perhaps close by my side, but yet out of my reach.

reach. God is here, he is every where; if thou, my dear happy friend, art living in him, then thou art in heaven; for *wherever God is present, there is heaven*; and he who feels and seeth God, is in heaven, although the eye of mortals should see nothing around them but corruption; yea, nothing but hell(c). Therefore, wherever thou mayest be, my dear departed friend, thou art in heaven.

*A Quarter after Eleven o'Clock.*

I now will go and see thee to thy grave, with thoughts as shall occupy none of the mourners, who are going to accompany thee;

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(c) I need not to say that Mr. L. is no *professor* of logic. T.

with sensations as even no female soul, among all those who bewail thee, shall feel.

\* \* \* \* \*

I intended to follow, silently meditating, thy funeral train, my dearest friend, whose loss I feel more livelier every moment, and with encreasing affection; but, alas! I found it very difficult. The most trifling objects were, at first, capable of amusing and diverting me for a few moments; however, every diversion, which wanted to intrude upon me, was disgusting and insupportable to me. I beheld with a mild, tranquil, and melancholy look, the black coffin upon the bier—Alas! that also is the last time! Diversions were intruding again; I was angry with myself!—O! how could I, unfeeling wretch, think of any thing but thee.

The idea of the joy which the adoration

and



and contemplation of God does now afford to my dear friend, descended with serenity and comfort upon my gloomy soul. I followed the funeral train, and the idea of the bliss my departed friend enjoys, darted also a little through my soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

*At the Close of the Day, Six o'Clock.*

“ My God !” said I to myself, “ I must  
 “ pray with more fervour and perseverance,  
 “ or I shall be the unhappiest being on earth.  
 “ With this important day, with the pre-  
 “ sent day will I therefore begin to exercise  
 “ myself in praying, and earnestly and faith-  
 “ fully fix a particular time of the day for  
 “ that purpose. God will become my friend;  
 “ I will learn to converse with him. I will  
 “ endeavour to become perfectly happy  
 “ through

"through my Creator, and heavenly Father: his love shall occupy my soul. I will every day, at least once, without hesitating, fall on my knees, and pray for the love of Jesus Christ, and the consolation of the Holy Ghost: yes, I will go directly and pray."

\* \* \* \* \*

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JANUARY the Eleventh.

I TRAVELLED back mournful, and yet replete with reviving and pious resolutions.

I came to an inn, wholly occupied with meditations on death, and my own mortality. Four people were sitting in the room: "Savage souls," thought I (they were talking in a low, vulgar manner), "how deeply
" are

“are ye immersed in night and insensibility. Ye are mortals, like myself, mortals, like my friend, and subject to death as well as we; but far distant from reflecting on death and eternity! Deplorable beings! who will remove the veil from your eyes!”

Thus I said within myself, and was much exasperated at every posture, at every look, at every gesture and word of theirs.

I now pitied, and now despised them from the bottom of my soul. I thought they ought to feel what I was feeling, to have no other thought but that of their mortality, and to be as much occupied with serious meditations, as if they had just left the grave of a dear friend.

Their laughter, their gestures—and their tobacco-pipes, appeared to me so ungodly, so thoughtless, that I was almost tempted to read them a severe lecture; however, the

seriousness of my own situation soon led me back again to myself. I sent up to heaven, in their behalf, a few not very humble sighs. "O God! open the eyes of these unlightened people." I went to one corner of the room, taking the New Testament out of my pocket, and read a little in it, grew angry at the noise these people made, and desired the landlord to let me have a room to myself; having conducted me to one, he shewed me his son's study. "My son," said he, "is a surgeon, and a great adept in anatomy." He then pressed me to see his collection of skeletons and fetusses. I did not much like it at first; however, as soon as I entered the room, and beheld the drawers, I was much pleased, and looked upon that incident as sent by providence. What disgusted me most, was the garrulity of the landlord, and his repeating ever and anon,

anon, how sorry he was that his son was not present. — I wished to be left alone. — In order to get rid of him, I enquired whether he would not give me leave to examine the books. — “Certainly!” — He did not, however, guess at my drift. I took a book from the shelf, turning over its leaves, and put it again in its former place. I then took down another, with anatomical tables, asking him whether I might take it with me into my room. “It should be welcome to stay in the room, and peruse it there, as long as I should like it if it would be more convenient;” said he with great kindness, and left me. I laid the book down, took pencil and paper, and drew a skull, as well as I could, after one which I found in the room. Having finished my drawing, I perceived that the skull could be taken off from the skeleton. I took it down, and held it in my hand some time.

“bored.”

“This,”

"This," thought I, "has been the skull of
"a human being, who once had life, as I
"have now. My body too, may be dissected
"one time or other, and ornament the col-
"lection of an operator: perhaps my skull
"will also be looked at, drawn, taken down,
"and carried about. Is it possible that my
"head, this residence of so many intellec-
"tual powers, this mirror of the soul, should
"one time resemble this skull?—within this
"skull, which I am now holding in my hands,
"resided formerly something—that was of
"greater value than the whole inanimated
"creation.—Alas! my friend! alas! soon,
"soon, thou also shalt be a skeleton.—Hor-
"rible thought—I cannot bear thee any
"longer!—I now replaced the skull again
"on the skeleton, because somebody was
"coming, and went to take a view of the
"little unripe foetuses, which were pre-
"served,

“ served in brandy—so little, and so un-
“ nished, I also was once. O! what a weak
“ beginning of my existence! what a strange
“ end! I here behold the two limits of my
“ abode on earth—I was, at first, God knows
“ what. I began to exist—My little frame,
“ scarcely visible to the eye, was fixed to a
“ string. I grew in size, my heart began
“ to beat—it panted, it began to live—in
“ the midnight darkness of my mother’s
“ womb. I was born with pains and
“ groans—the navel-string was cut asunder
“ —I grew a whining, helpless babe—flesh
“ and bone, living and sensitive; I grew in
“ size, and exercised my limbs; fell ill, and
“ recovered my health again; at present I
“ am alive, and perhaps to-morrow, per-
“ haps to-day, warmth and life may take
“ their flight from my body. I then shall
“ be stretched on my couch—my flesh will
“ be

“be lacerated—either by vermin or man—
“and my bones, alas! will be the only
“thing remaining of my frame I now be-
“hold, like that skeleton before my eyes.
“—O! what an unfathomable beginning,
“what an impenetrable end of my exist-
“ence on earth! How did I originate,
“when begin to exist? How this my frame
“will be changed, perhaps in a few days!
“O! what an evident proof is this, that an
“invisible, almighty, and eternal spirit ex-
“ists, to whom I owe my existence; and
“that I have contributed nothing towards
“it, because there is nothing of which I
“know less than of what concerns my ex-
“istence. These meditations I revolved in
“my mind, and could not help thinking it
“very strange, that most people disregard
“themselves so much, as never to reflect,
“with wonder and astonishment, on their
“own

own existence, the beginning and the end of
their body, which seems to be so insepara-
bly and essentially connected with their
being; and live—dream (I rather should
say) in constant amusement and ignorance
with respect to themselves, and, as one
might say—as aliens to themselves.
It came into my mind to provide myself
with a human skull—the sight of it will
certainly remind me frequently most pow-
erfully of my mortality; I shall then more
frequently act wiser, and with more seri-
ousness, and be less capable to forget the
vow I made at the coffin of my friend.”

I asked the landlord whether his son could
not spare me a skull; I should like to take
one home with me.—The lively, good-na-
tured man knew not what to think of my
request; he fancied I was joking.—“What
do

“do you intend to do with a skull,” asked he, smiling; “you are certainly no surgeon, nor intend to become one; however, I will give you one, I will account for it to my son; I think it an honour to oblige you with it.” Having said this, and many more kind things, he went directly to the closet, and brought me a beautiful white skull, dusted, and gave it me, with many encomiums on the skill of his son, whom he humbly and earnestly recommended to my favour. I might keep it, he said, he would make me a present of it.

Never has a gift afforded me so much pleasure as this skull. I could not help looking upon it as a kind of relick—the former abode of an immortal spirit, for whom Jesus Christ became man and died—I was ready to embrace the landlord out of gratitude—

“I never

"I never saw any thing so odd," said he,
"to rejoice in such a manner at a skull—
"Pray, Sir, tell me the reason of it!"

"I have," said I, abruptly, "lost a friend
"a few days ago, and I wish never to lose
"sight of my own mortality—that skull
"there, which you was so kind to give me,
"shall be my remembrancer."—"O!" re-
plied he, "is it nothing else? that will soon
"wear off: *Nullus Dolor, quem non Longin-*
"*quitas Temporis minuat, atque molliat.*" This
reply made me smile, and at the same time
staggered me—I took up the skull, went to
my room, and continued my journal thus
far; dined, and went away as soon as I had
finished my meal. Several incidents on the
road, and the desire to be with my wife and
friends, diverted me, or rather dispelled a
little the gloom of my mind.—An old man
was carrying a child in a basket, which he
set

set down now and then, nursing the infant, and covering its feet from the cold.

It was four o'clock when I arrived at home; my wife ran to me, exclaiming, "How does your friend do?"—"Alas! he is dead!" said I, without shedding a tear, and without feeling that lively emotion with which I had left his grave.

I changed my clothes; the ladies, and their brother, were with my wife. I spoke much of my deceased friend; my narrative seemed to interest them; this made me more talkative and regardless. The attention of the company, the interest they took in my narrative, the applause I met with, and some other trifling incidents, effaced, by degrees, the serious and religious sentiments which seemed to have occupied my heart this morning. I also spoke of the innkeeper, his son, the

the anatomical collection, his recommendation—yet without mentioning any thing of the present he had made me—being, as I thought, too timid, and too much ashamed, to say a word about my (already pretty much over clouded) joy caused by a skull. I spoke also of the man I had met on the road, and thus began, by degrees, to be garrulous, and, at last, to joke and to laugh.—My conscience was not quite easy at it.

“ My ladies, will you give me leave to smoke a pipe? You indulged me with it the other day.”—“ Why not?” I lighted my pipe, drank a glass of wine—and, as soon as they ceased talking—I blushed at myself. (Good God! how heavy didst thou let fall on my heart the judgment I pronounced to-day on the people in the public-house). I was silent for some moments. The whole company took notice of my discomposure,

and ascribing it to the recollection of the loss of my friend, endeavoured to comfort me, though very unreasonably. I went directly to my study, and made a drawing (God be praised that I could do it) of the company at the public-house, in order to shame myself, and to derive some instruction from it—and one of the company of this evening.—But what difference is there between the people at the public-house and me? They had *jugs of beer* before them, and I a bottle of *pontac*; they had *short* tobacco-pipes, and I a longer one.—They were talking of *indifferent* things, forgetting their mortality and immortality, and did not come from the death-bed, and the funeral; but I did, was talking of it—and forgot, in a few moments, like these people, my mortality and immortality; my friend, and my vows. I ate little at supper, did not pray with
my

my family, under the pretext of being tired, and went to bed.

JANUARY the Twelfth.

I AWOKE half an hour after eight, lazy, fatigued, melancholy, and angry with myself; I got up, and was terrified when I saw my journal lying open upon the table. I neither read, nor prayed—having recourse to the usual secret excuse, that I was not disposed to do it—besides that, some business had been accumulated during my absence; a few letters were to be answered; and thus the whole morning stole away without my having once recollected to reflect on my deceased friend, or myself.

At dinner my mind was occupied with a

number of things. My wife begged me to relate to her all the particulars of the illness, and the death of my deceased friend—God knows, I did it reluctantly at first—O! Jesus Christ! how double-minded is my heart.—I grew warm by degrees; my tears began to flow! she wept with me, enquiring why I had not brought the widow with me.

I felt again as a man, as a friend, and, for some moments, as a Christian—but, alas! why am I always so terribly alienated from myself?

I began to work, was easy, and not much confused; a tear stole now and then down my cheek—I sighed several times, and the skull I had brought with me was, for the first time, not in vain, placed on my desk.

Mr. *** was with me from four till five o'clock—my deceased friend, and the skull, were the sole theme of our conversation.—I

was

was sorry that my visitor did not stay longer. At five o'clock I smoked a pipe, and read the newspaper, being very serene, meditating, and replete with the best sentiments. I then settled some money matters, and read the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. Matthew. If the wicked king Herod, thought I, ordered the head of John the Baptist to be struck off, on account of his having sworn an oath, although it gave him great pain, should not the merciful, true, and veracious God fulfil what he has solemnly promised.

35 Jesus cured all the sick who applied to him; fed, one time, more than five thousand, and at another time more than four thousand people, with a few loaves, and delivered his disciples from their perilous situation on the lake.—Should I be mistaken, if I were to make the following conclusion from it: “Consequently Jesus is also a Saviour from

“bodily misery, who deserves my belief,
 “and my entire confidence. He not only is
 “willing that my soul should be happy,
 “through him, in the world to come, but
 “he also is sufficiently powerful and in-
 “clined to bless my belief, if I apply to
 “him in bodily distress and dangers.”——

Having finished these meditations, I found
 a manuscript of one of my friends, which
 must have been sent during my absence. I
 read it with great pleasure, and should have
 been glad to have kept it a little longer,
 but was desired (in a note) to return it as
 soon as read.—It was a tract *on the Strength
 of the Soul*.—My heart burnt with the desire
 of seeing it printed, or, at least, of taking a
 copy of it. Having neither hope to see the
 one, nor leisure to do the other, I transcribed
 a few passages in my journal.

“*The strength of the soul*, of the virtuous,
 “remains

" remains frequently concealed. He enjoys
 " the rare happiness of having no other
 " witness of his virtue, but God, and his
 " conscience; however, the Judge of our
 " actions, who does not overlook the least
 " thing, when weighing the value of our
 " deeds, will add this concealment to the
 " measure of the virtue of the righteous.
 " His name will be contained in no other
 " book, but that of life, and his secret
 " greatness of mind will be a saving to him
 " against the day of judgment. Whoever
 " suppresses a dangerous passion, after having
 " struggled long, whether it would be better
 " to overcome, or to be vanquished; whoever,
 " like the Emperor Titus, gives up his Be-
 " renice, when his country calls to him,
 " *Respect my laws!* shews strength of mind.
 " Yet his victory will not be known, if he
 " does not act a principal part on the theatre

“ of the world, and his virtue will be num-
 “ bered among the unknown private virtues,
 “ if he is no Emperor. God has, however,
 “ counted his tears: however; however; however; ”

“ His guardian angel takes the charge ”

“ Of all his tears; till, at the close ”

“ Of time, they are transform'd to pearls, ”

“ To ornament the victor's crown. ”

“ One shews *strength of mind* against exter-
 “ nal and internal enemies. The former
 “ has always the advantage of being known;
 “ the latter, very frequently, remains un-
 “ known. How many people struggle, every
 “ day of their life, against rooted vicious in-
 “ clination, against prejudices, &c. &c. they
 “ struggle, and, perhaps, vanquish first—on
 “ the brink of eternity. Their names are
 “ recorded in the bills of mortality, and the
 “ whole congregation confounds them with
 “ the common herd. *Strength of mind* fre-
 “ quently

“quently degenerates in caprice, which
 “more frequently is cried up for it. Every
 “century, every nation, every town, and
 “every individuum, have their own scale
 “for poizing vice and virtue; whoever uses
 “a different one, is looked upon by them
 “as an impostor - - - - -
 “- - - - - (d).”

After supper I smoked a pipe, reading in
Rousseau's Lettres de la Montagne. What a
 riddle is that man! how much in contradic-
 tion with himself!—But who is not like him?
 Every one conceals that contradiction from
 himself, and from others; Rousseau speaks
 as he thinks, confesses candidly all the con-
 tradictions of his understanding and heart,
 and of course offends the whole world. How-

(d) The publisher thinks it his duty to leave out a
 great part of this extract.

ever,

ever, I could sooner forgive him every thing, than his glaring sophism, that the miracles of Christ are *only* *virtus*, and parallel to his legerdemains! O! God! enlighten his erring soul!

JANUARY the Thirteenth.

I ROSE to day at an early hour, after I had prayed with some devotion, first silently for myself, and then aloud with my wife. I wanted to resume my reading in the Gospel, where I had left off, but happening to turn up the history of Cornelius (Act. 10), I read it with the greatest pleasure. What affected me most, was, that the individual particular actions of man, are so much taken notice of and rewarded by our all bountiful Father

in

in heaven. *Thy prayers, and thine alms, are come up for a memorial before God.* What an encouragement to have the Lord before our eyes in private, and to pray to him! What an encouragement to pray, and to exercise every virtue, though ever so much misconstrued by men. All, all of them notices, approves, and rewards, points out to us the author of every virtue.

I began to work—some person knocked at the door—I opened it—it was N****. I perceived that he wanted alms—very fortunately I recollected these words: *Thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.* “What do you want?”—He begged me to lend him ten dollars.—I know that he is an honest man, thought I by myself, but he will hardly ever be able to return me the money.—“What security can you give me, my friend?”—“My honesty.” Poor cringing heart,

heart, why didst thou desire more? Why wast thou tormented by a secret uneasiness and fear to lose—What?—ten dollars, two pieces of metal, which thou hast received to give away—poor heart!—and yet all the world calls thee charitable, and thy generosity is praised.—Can that be called *to lend, where one has to expect nothing?*—These reflections darted through my soul, one after the other. At length I said, after some astonishment—
“ I will see what I can do ; it is almost impossible ; I don't know—it is rather too much :” and yet I had already resolved to give him the whole sum, and knew that it was in my power to do it. Why then did I pretend to find it difficult? What a mean, mean affectation? Why do I stain even my good actions? And why can I not perform a single action with a christian spirit, and the simplicity of Jesus Christ? Will not the
omniscient

omniscient God notice these low mean evasions, as well as mine alms? I counted him the money down, made him sign a bond, and then resumed my former occupations.

At eleven o'clock Mr. *** came to see me—"Is it true, that our friend is dead, and
" you did not let me know it, and I must
" hear it from strangers?"

The melancholy air he assumed was intolerable to me; I made a short excuse, and repeated some of the last speeches of my dear happy friend. How it grieved me that he affected to make an ostentation of the noblest feelings, and artfully attempted to decry what my friend had said with respect to ambition, as the fruit of a weakened understanding of a dying man.—"It is unjust," said I, "if we have not the confidence in a
" dying, honest man, whose humility and
" simplicity is so little subject to the suspi-
" cion

"cion of hypocrisy, that he will be more
"impartial than the wisest, who are still
"blinded by a thousand reflections on the
"world, and the opinion of men!"—He
blushed.—"I hope you don't think that I
"believe our friend has been an hypocrite?"
—"No! that I do not think; however, I
"wish you might feel what our friend, in
"the last hour of his life, with so much sim-
"plicity, and such an overflowing of entire
"conviction, has spoken to my heart, as
"forcibly as I, thank God! have felt it at
"his death-bed."

During dinner one of the company re-
lated, that a certain person had been laid
out for dead, and returned to life again the
next morning. Three days after this, that
some person did expire, and was buried
without delay, while almost warm, for fear

she

she should return to life again; because she was poor, and a burthen to her family. "O! God! I thank thee," said I to myself, "that I have friends by whom I am beloved and esteemed. Assist me to employ every lawful means to preserve their love to me—but, at the same time, grant me the blessing to assist, with pleasure and cheerfulness, to the utmost of my ability, all those that are forsaken, that others may not do, from selfishness, what want of friendship and humanity might bid them to perpetrate! If that person," said I, after a short pause, "had found a charitable protector, she would not have been treated so cruelly."

* * *

After supper I perused my rules. Alas! this is but the thirteenth day of the new year, and I have already so frequently, and

so

so far strayed from the strait path of pure christian piety.

How much useful knowledge could I have acquired in this important week! How good has my heavenly Father been to me! He has granted me almost every blessing he *can* bestow on mortal man! I am in good health! my mind is, upon the whole, tranquil and serene; how many good thoughts, how many noble and unmerited sensations has he created in my heart!—Yes I have lost, but also gained much.—O! that I might not so soon forget the death-bed of my friend—how abounding in unmerited mercy was this death-bed to me!—O! that I never may be undeserving of it!—I read the journal of the whole week with bitter tears, with pungent shame—with much gratitude—and great fear of my own heart. Good God! how rapidly has this week slipped away!—Lord, teach me to reflect

on

on my mortality, that I may grow wise—let me live as when, on the brink of mortality, I shall wish to *have* lived!

SUNDAY, JANUARY the Fourteenth.

I **AWOKE** at five o'clock. “Alas!
 “eight days ago,” thought I, “my friend
 “was alive, and when I arose I received the
 “sad news of his illness—I found him sick
 “—and he died.—Now his lifeless corpse
 “lies in the dark grave—the friend whom I
 “pressed to my heart, is a prey to corrup-
 “tion—and his spirit is returned to him that
 “gave it him.”—What may now be thy
 situation, my dear, happy friend? How little
 —how very little do we know of the life be-

yond the grave! Not a ray of that heavenly
bliss descends into the abyss of our night:—
What dost thou think, O! my beloved friend?
—No mortal being can conceive that! What
are thy feelings?—No mortal man can feel
that. Thou livest a new life, of which we,
probably, can form an idea as little as a plant
of the life of an animal, and an animal of
the life of man. One moment of that life
of immediate contemplation, perhaps, ren-
ders the son of a peasant, born in a place
which never has been visited by a ray of
human learning, or what we call the fine
arts—a philosopher; whose disciple to be,
Newton would not have been ashamed, while
in this world.—O! God! what will become
of the wise, and the illiterate of this world!
—But why do I not reflect upon myself?
Am I not also a mortal? What will become
of my soul? I also am a citizen of yon invisible
broy heavenly

heavenly world of light; I also am destined to contemplate God, and to resemble Jesus Christ.—When this shall happen, O! thou omnipotent, invisible being, whom I call *Father*, *Jesus Christ*, and *Holy Ghost*, to whom I pray with trembling lips—Almighty, inexorable—being of all beings! what will then become of *me*, of this self; so incomprehensible and inexorable to me.—O! how my soul languishes to have here below a prospect of my future existence, of that divine life!—O! that I were permitted, my dear, happy friend, to look only for a single moment into thy heart.—Alas! in the beginning of last week, I was so near thee, and now I am so far distant from thee!—thou heardest me, and I could hear thee—but now I call in vain for a word or a look from thee—an impenetrable gulph is fixed between thee and me—and yet how soon,

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how very soon may I be with *thee*; live the life which thou art living; imbibe the light which thou art imbibing, and see the God whom thou art contemplating.—How rapidly has the time of my life slipped away to this moment! Soon, soon, I also shall be at the mark—at the mark which I can view as little as my eye can look at the sun.—While I am revolving this in my mind, I am drawing nearer towards it; every breathing I perceive is a step that carries me nearer towards that dazzling mark. O! God! enable my eyes to bear the brightness of that mark; at present, I am too sensible that I cannot stand it yet.—These and similar observations darted through my soul; I heard a few silent sighs, and felt some inclination to rise, and to write down the substance of them. I did it with some reluctance; I thought it was very cold, yet I attempted it, and wrote thus far.

I perused

I perused these reflections once more—not with a view of edifying myself, but because I was secretly proud of them—out of—I will candidly confess it—Lord Jesus Christ! meditations of a nature so serious—out of mean, secret vanity! It is true, tears started from my eyes—however, I am shocked at myself—even these tears seemed to proceed partly from vanity. Can I acknowledge this without blushing at myself?—but if somebody should see it?—who can see it?—It was, nevertheless, vanity, my heart, thou shalt hear it, though it should make thee burst. It is vanity which makes thee dread so much, some person might see this confession (e).

(e) The Editor, perhaps, will be blamed for not having omitted this passage; however, the continuation—or the useful view he has, and which cannot hurt the Author, will plead his excuse.

O! thou mean, double-minded heart! how terribly quick is thy transition from the noblest sentiments to the worst. Have I not reason to be almost more afraid of my virtues, and pious sensations, than of my vices? —The former please (f) me but too soon, and too much; but the latter always displease me! To be proud of our virtues, is foolish; I am very sensible of it. It is folly and madness to boast, even in the most distant manner, before an intimate friend—ourselves, or God, of our virtuous sensations, thoughts, or deeds; for every, every thing comes from thy mercy, is thy gift—Father of my Saviour Jesus Christ!

(f) Do not think it sinful, christian reader, if thy virtues afford thee pleasure; for it is the will of God that thou shalt be pleased with whatever is good; but, at the same time, take care not to forget, that what thou art, thou art by the free grace of God, the sole author of virtue.

Thus

Thus far I wrote, rose, and walked up and down my room, blushing so much at myself, that I dropped a tear of wild anger with myself, and took a new onset towards repentance: "This cursed passion must be rooted out, if peace shall reside in my soul. How is it possible that I can stain the most holy sentiments, which flowed from a pure heart, with so childish a vanity! I blush more at it, than if I had committed a theft—and yet—no day may perhaps pass, without my making myself guilty of the very error, the heinousness of which I at present feel in so lively a manner."

I went to church, with the firm resolution to be attentive, to meditate, and to apply, as much as possible, whatever I should pray, sing, and hear, as a nourishment and support of my shame and repentance.

I did it with great difficulty, and only

with a lukewarm zeal—until the sermon began; however, during the whole discourse of the preacher, I forgot myself entirely, and did not hear it with a lively desire to be edified, nor did I apply it to myself; but listened from the beginning to the end with curiosity, and the ear of a critic.—“ This effect,” thought I, “ —it must produce ; thus it will work on this person, and thus on that—excellently characterised !”— I could have kissed the preacher:—but, alas ! I did not reflect once upon myself. I was frightened a little at it when I recurred to myself, and recollected my resolution. I therefore resolved more firmly, to make up at home for what I so shamefully had neglected. I did it with some fervour ; but I was soon tired ; a wish that it might be dinner time, began to mix by degrees with my meditations:—“ for,” thought I, secretly within

within myself, "then I may amuse myself, "and drop these humiliating ideas."

Before it was dinner time, I had an inclination to go to the harpsichord. My conscience seemed not pleased with it; however, I strove to silence it, flattering myself, that I could play something which might express my present sense of repentance, and perhaps give it an additional strength.—I sat down, being only *half* convinced, and began with a lacrymoso—without perceiving it, I began to play in a tender—melancholy—then in a tranquil—in a content—playful—brilliant—merry—and, at last, in a jocosé strain! In the midst of a most airy scherzo I recollected myself, and started up from my chair.—This is always the case, thou deceitful heart, when I listen to thy whims, and plausible excuses: not pursuing straitways and quickly, the path pointed out to me by my conscience.

To

To day I heard that Mr. O—— used, every Sunday after church, to assemble his domestics, and to repeat the principal parts of the sermon, to converse with them in a useful manner, and to consult, in the tender language of confidence, on what has been omitted in the week past, what is to be made amends for in the beginning of the week, or what else is to be done; and always to conclude with pious conversation, with a prayer flowing from the heart; I cannot but esteem Mr. O—— for it. I have had many a proof of his serene and undisguised piety, void of all vanity.—So much good has this worthy man been able to do, without much difficulty and noise!—I heard him say once, with the most amiable simplicity: “Whoever
“ *talks* much of virtue, will do so much the
“ less virtuous actions. One ought to act
“ first, before one talks of virtuous deeds;
“ God

“God knows we can do whatever we wish, “if we only are in earnest.” Indeed this man has something so pleasing about him, is so gentle and modest, that I have frequently wished to be a member of his happy family, or, at least, one of his intimate friends!—But how I forget myself! I always neglect to *go*, and to *act*.

I am so fond of inserting in my journal noble traits of others; I hear and relate them with so much pleasure—and if I had now the good fortune to number Mr. O— among my intimate friends—(I have a strong presentiment that God will make him my confidant, in the room of my dear, happy friend). I should behold his virtues with pleasure; I should admire them; every page of my journal would speak of them;—I should do every thing that would seem to bespeak delight in virtue, and a sense of religion—I should, however,

however, perform little; preparations, plans, discourses on this or that subject, would not be wanting—and yet the chief object, the silent, simple performance of the duties of religion and virtue, would be neglected.—I am pleased with Mr. O——'s character; I find much in it, which greatly deserves being imitated; I am charmed with his wife and pious institutions and endeavours—I am enraptured with them—but why do I not rather attempt to imitate him? Why do I not spend the Sunday like him, if I am pleased so much with his proceedings?—I perceive but too clearly, that *laziness* and *habit* have no small share in my not being much inclined, at present, to introduce such a new regulation; yet if I will be sincere, I must take care not to ascribe that remissness to *laziness alone*—because it seems some other mean weakness has a hand in it.

“ If

"If I do as he does—then it will be mere
 "imitation. If I had started that idea first,
 "then, perhaps, I should have got the better
 "of my laziness; but now I think it would
 "cause me disagreeable reproaches. One
 "would call me an *imitator*, an *ape*, a *servile*
 "*follower* of Mr. O——, and that would be
 "painful to me—yes, it would hurt my am-
 "bition, which I am so anxious to hide from
 "myself, and others." These ideas, me-
 thinks, are lurking in the most secret and in-
 most recesses of my heart. The merit of
 being the *first*, has something charming for
 me—and now the last complaints of my de-
 ceased friend, against ambition, rush suddenly
 upon my recollection.—Jesus Christ! who
 will tear these roots of that mean, dread-
 ful, childish, and ridiculous passion from my
 heart?

And yet, alas! I feel it, with a pleasure

so

so lively, what it is to perform a good action with a pure soul, without art, and without paying the least regard to the opinions of men; and yet when I am so happy to perform, or to have performed something with a true spirit of christian humility, I am always sensible that this only exalts virtue to its proper dignity—Why do I then constantly relapse into the same folly, which appears to me so ridiculous and detestable?

Whatever is good cannot change its nature; I may be the first, or the second, who does it. I will therefore go and perform it, though it be ever so disagreeable to me, and ever so humiliating to my pride, to hear others exclaim: *that I only can ape other people.*

I conversed, during supper, on many good subjects; began to speak of the sermon, and put my family in mind of some poor people, whom we ought not to forget. I kept my mess-

mates longer at table than usual. I succeeded in starting (as I fancied) in a simple, natural manner, many good ideas, and seasonable admonitions. Every one was attentive and pleased.

“Have we not been very happy together?

“Would it not be well to conclude every

“Sunday in the same manner?”

No sooner had I pronounced these words, when a heavy burden was taken from my heart—for this was what I wanted to mention in proper time.—We now joined in singing some hymns.—My wife was particularly pleased with this evening, and myself. I thanked God for it, and prayed to him to grant me *grace to continue*. This, perhaps, is one of the blessings which I owe to the prayers of my happy friend.

“Thank God! this has been happily executed—O! what a pleasure it is to have
carried

carried a good deed—from the first point of an unripe resolution—into execution.—
Strengthen me, strengthen me, sweet heavenly pleasure, which springs from good actions, against the sneaking voice of laziness and indulgence unnerving our souls—I will not beg strength of thee, praise of man; thou canst blind only for a few moments. Thou now appearest to me mean, and undeserving of my most distant wish—O! that I might never swerve from this disposition of mind, and could firmly rely upon it at all adventures—O God! thou author of every good sentiment, I thank thee for the tranquillity of mind which thou art pouring out upon me, frail mortal: O! how strongly do I feel that thy blessing is far superior to all endeavours which are attempted without thee, and unassisted by confidence in thy blessing—I thank thee for every sigh to thee
drawn

drawn from my breast, by thy all-guarding providence.

* * * * *

JANUARY the Fifteenth.

I BEGAN to read the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of St. Matthew, as soon as I was risen, and after I had sighed to God for some minutes, prostrated myself on my face.

—Every thing around me was so silent, my mind so easy, and so open to meditation and pious sensations—Only now and then an anxious apprehension, that I soon should suffer myself to be diverted again, seemed to rush upon my heart.

I sat down to insert in my journal some reflections and sensations, which arose while

I was reading these two chapters. Matth. xvi. v. 23. *Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: FOR THOU SAVOUREST NOT THE THINGS THAT BE OF GOD, BUT THOSE THAT BE OF MAN.* These last words I found very noble. Neither the terror of the impending disgrace, and the most dreadful sufferings, nor the well-meant admonition and opposition of a friend, can make the heavenly friend of human kind lose sight, for a moment, of the purpose of his mission into the world. He who is all meekness grows angry—at what? at the opposition which is made against the execution of the most difficult task, which can be imposed upon a sensible being, at his being opposed to be executed as a criminal.—O! that only a spark of this noble zeal for God might light upon my cold, lazy, and timid soul, given so much to ease! I do indeed, generally,

rally, *not favour the things that are of God; but those that are of man*; however, if the spirit of Christ did animate me, the mind should be in me, which was also in Jesus Christ, who is my Lord and Master.

Whofoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it—What could now prevent me to sacrifice all my faculties in the service of Jesus Christ? *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*—Every man, and of course, I also, must be very dear to God, else Jesus Christ would not have been angry, because he was disadvised to suffer, and to die for me—*destroy not him for whom Christ died*: says St. Paul, Rom. xiv.—Can I therefore neglect my soul for a single moment?—We are so proud of perishable, external prerogatives; but it is quite the contrary with the internal ones.

which are of more value than the whole world!

and Matt. xvii. v. 5. Behold! a voice out of the cloud, which said: this is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. O! that this voice, this evidence of God, might thrill my marrow and my bones, when, in the hours of temptation, the secret voice of my passions attempts to whisper in my soul doubts against the God-head of my Lord. —Could his disciples eyes and ears be deceived? Are these the words of an impostor, or a credulous person, who dares to write: We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his Majesty, for he received from God the Father honour and glory: when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory: THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM

WELL

WELL PLEASED; *and this voice, which came from heaven, we heard when we were with him in the Holy Mount. (2 Pet. i. v. 16-18).—O! God, I thank thee that I am fully sensible of this truth—Jesus of Nazareth is thy son—O! excellent truth, which contains all others that can be important to me.—Grant me, O Father! to hear this thy Son, hear him alone, at all times, readily and faithfully.*
 ————Matt. xvii. v. 19-20. *Why could not we cast him out?—because of your unbelief (a similar passage says: he did not many wonders at Nazareth—because of their unbelief).—Unbelief therefore, nothing but unbelief prevents Jesus Christ from evincing his power on us.*

Matt. xvii. v. 27. *Lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up: and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money,*

that take, and give unto them for me and thee.
 How instructive: *Left we should offend them.*
 —Jesus the Son of God would not have
 been bound to pay the temple-duty—but he
 will give no offence—rather forego his pre-
 rogative, than give offence—I feel how noble
 this was—Let me imitate thee, my best and
 dearest Master!—Jesus Christ is so poor, that
 he and his disciples do not possess so much
 as two shillings (g): *Though he was rich, yet*
for our sakes he became poor, that we through
his poverty might become rich; 2 Cor. viii.
v. 9. How much matter for meditation!
 Here I ought to reflect on, and to apply to
 myself, another word of our Lord: *The dis-*
ciple is not above his master, nor the servant above
his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be

(g) Stater. Shekel of the sanctuary, about 2s. 6d.

as his master, and the servant as his lord (Matt. x. v. 25).—Go then to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up, and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a **STATER**.—How occularly this demonstrates the omniscience of God!—Jesus Christ of course sees every piece of money I possess; that I should give away, and yet keep back. O let me ponder this when the poor cometh, and begs a charity.

* * * * *

This day has been spent well; I had an opportunity of performing several important charitable actions.—O God! let them have an ever salutary effect on the hearts of those I have relieved! Now I am very tired, and it is late; I cannot insert in my journal at large, what has happened to-day; and, besides, our Saviour says: *let not thy left hand*

know what thy right hand doeth (Matt. vi. 3.)

I am not certain that this journal will never be seen by others, though I may be ever so pre-cautious. — And what I have done to-day, nobody living shall know, but thou, my God and Saviour, until that day when every thing that is concealed shall be made known, and publicly rewarded by Thee.

JANUARY the Sixteenth,

I CONSIDERED last night what might be the reason that ten or, perhaps, twenty years ago, I had made greater progress in Christianity, than at present, though blessed by the same, and additional, and more efficacious means of grace—and with the same sincere desire to become entirely good
and

and virtuous which then animated me. I traced the true reasons of that lamentable stand with impartial rigour, and silent attention, and found, at last, clearly, that it proceeded from the following cause—I had cultivated with the greatest diligence the acquaintance of men of the best character, and the worthiest divines. I was so fortunate to get acquainted with the most celebrated members of that order. A more intimate connexion with them convinced me that they, at the bottom, were equally sensual, and, at least, as much as myself, attached to diversions, I mean those which are held more genteel; they strove, like the generality, although in a different manner, in their own way, to please the world, and to be looked upon by every body as good and worthy people.—This gave me, by degrees, a good opinion of myself, although it struck

struck me at first. These great men, esteemed by every body as patterns of virtue, were, in good and serious companies, good and serious, much like myself. In the company of wits and lively people they endeavoured to display their wit and sprightliness—they grew merry, and, as I fancied, betrayed now and then childish vanity, when religion happened to be the subject of the conversation—then I heard, indeed, some affected common place remarks, in the fashionable language of the book which they seemed to have read last, and repeated without feeling.

This manner, this tone, was called *good breeding*; it was not called *conforming to this world*, but *to please all men in all things*, not *to serve God and Mammon*, but *to rejoice with them that do rejoice*.

When I came home, and reflected upon myself,

myself, I rejoiced secretly that I, at least, had not played, danced, or uttered wanton words—and that these great and respected men were so fond of me.

However, what good had I done, heard, or spoken? Most certainly, little or nothing at all; to confess the truth, I was as regardless, vain, and worldly minded as I had been before; yet I was not worse than other people, and perhaps better, because I was no clergyman, and frequently had been misled by the prejudice that a clergyman ought, by virtue of his office, to be a little more pious than myself, being a lay-man. This idea made me, by degrees, more indifferent to Christian piety, and more tardy in doing good, and averse from every virtue which seemed to require more than common exertion and watchfulness.

Every

Every thing contributed to tempt me to improve only so much in virtue, as would be requisite to render me happy in this world; and to gain the good opinion of people of all classes; in particular of those who were renowned for wisdom and honesty. I read the newest moral publications, displayed in companies fine and well worded sentiments, and neglected on the other side almost entirely, those better means of attaining true piety, prayers and the reading of the Bible. I prayed, indeed, now and then, but without a lively sense, without a heart-elevating conviction of the necessity and the powerful effects of prayers; I read in the Bible, but frequently, only to be able to say, that I had read it; I also cannot conceal from myself, that the simplicity of the Bible which now appears to me to be the most unequivocal

cal standard of truth, frequently offended my taste, and that I passed lightly over certain passages which now appear to me very important and material, only because those clergymen I was speaking of, never cited them, and I fancied to observe that they used to pass them over with a singular anxiety, arising, God knows, from what source—I mean those passages which contain the principal doctrines of Christianity, as for example: those which treat on regeneration, on the god-head of Christ; on the real, not only moral redemption from sin through Jesus Christ, as far as it is immediately connected with his obedience unto death, and his voluntary sacrifice; on justification through faith; on the immediate assistance of the Holy Ghost in true sanctification; on the entire denial of the world; on the duty of doing every thing, though
but ever

ever so indifferent, in the name and as a disciple of Jesus Christ, &c. &c.

In the light in which I, misguided by these gentlemen, had used myself to view the Bible, I could see neither the excellence nor the divine origin of it; on the contrary, all other books had a greater effect upon my heart, because I read most of them with more attention. I even did not think that there were passages in that book which I did not understand, nor that I should find in it some new and great truth—that every thing which was said in it to men in general was also of great concern to me.—A dreadful prejudice (O! God, how much gratitude do I owe thee, that thou hast opened my eyes) had by degrees, stolen upon my understanding, and at the same time taken full possession of my heart—viz. that the precepts and promises of the Gospel did concern, and

and in some respect exclusively, only the first Christians (*b*). This I had heard said by these intelligent divines, so frequently, and on so many occasions, sometimes without disguise, and sometimes indirectly, that my former simple belief in the immediate authority and infallibility of the Bible dwindled away imperceptibly, and that, at length, I could not but observe that my pretended Christianity was at bottom nothing but a

(*b*) This matter is here not distinctly enough expressed, and in general has not yet been placed in its proper light. The opinion which the author here combats, is, perhaps, not so dreadful as he fancies, if stated properly and with the requisite restrictions. Every discourse or book, no matter whether divine or human, is always regulated after the individual relation existing between its author and those to whom it is addressed; and future readers, or foreign auditors, ought to apply them to themselves, only as far as they are in the same, or similar situations and relations.

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very

very refined deism, in spite of my endeavours to conceal it from myself, and the frequent invectives which, in our company, were uttered against unbelief and deism.—My friends also spoiled my heart not a little, by their too frequent flatteries. They spoke much of the few good qualities they fancied I had, and valued them by far too high. They were too indulgent to my faults, and always pleaded my good heart as an excuse; they thought it impossible that I could ever be guilty of malice. My honesty seemed now and then to draw from them a smile so sweet and so pleasing, that I displayed frequently a sense of probity which was not even on the surface of my heart:—They diverted me as soon as I shewed signs of uneasiness. My security, which really frequently was nothing but the most thoughtless carelessness, they mistook for

for contentment ; my giddiness appeared to them cheerfulness, my—indeed frequently secret—malicious—criticism on others, particularly on those who were not very high in their favour, and whose opinions in philosophical and theological matters were different from theirs, they called wit.—Alas ! if they had called these things by their proper names, I should never have sunk so low.

* * * * *

JANUARY the Seventeenth.

THUS far I wrote after I was risen. Observations of that nature I am wont to evade under various pretexts, God be praised, that I have wrote them down at length.

I was very busy all the day ; I had two

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visits,

visits, one from Mr. M—— and one from Mr. S—— which left not many good impressions behind.—Why can I not always turn the conversation on useful subjects? Why do I suffer myself to be so easily guided by other people? O! God! how soon do I lose sight of my duty and destination!

In the evening I read in Rabener's Satyres.—I know no satyric equal to him in point of morality; one sees, in spite of his sportive fancy, that he always has laudable views. How much superior does he appear to me in this respect to Swift; yet I cannot but confess—That the reading of this book did me not much good *to-day*—I hardly could lay it down; I began to laugh, and every serious idea vanished. There was time enough left for reading in the Bible for half an hour, or for praying; however, my heart

heart was averſe from it. I had not the leaſt deſire to do it. I ſmoked a pipe, and read the newspaper.

Mr. * * * * invited us to dine with him to-morrow; I am, indeed, not quite eaſy at it; however, methinks, I want to conceal this uneaſineſs from myſelf, and to paſs it lightly over; this is no good ſign, my heart! why wilt thou not, with reſignation, examine whether it be right or not to idle away the beſt part of the enſuing day? Why do I feel ſuch a ſtrong averſion to prepare myſelf for ſuch a day, and ſuch a company? To reflect upon, and to imprint deeply on my mind, the principles which can be applied to all poſſible ſituations in which man ever can come. Thoſe principles which I ſhall ſtand ſo much in need of to-morrow?—Can I conceal from myſelf, that the nice dinner to which I am invited, already charms my

dainty palate, I and that such a turbulent noisy day has never been advantageous to me, but always has had a bad effect on my heart and conscience?

JANUARY the Eighteenth.

I **COULD** have known before hand that yesterday would cause me a great deal of uneasiness; thank God that I am at liberty to dedicate this morning to meditations.

I spent almost the whole morning with drawing four designs.—If I were to write down the ideas and sensations which crowded upon me during this occupation, a whole day scarcely would be sufficient.

Sometimes I hardly dared to lift up my eyes;

eyes; the idea of the death-bed of my friend was insupportable to me; the total want of pious sentiments, and of virtue, as well as the ruling thoughtlessness of yesterday, grieved me so much, that I rose several times, putting paper and pencil aside, and, angry with myself, ran up and down the room, groaned, wept, and trembled at my invincible giddiness and inconstancy. I must, however, finish my drawings, thought I; seating myself again, and fixing my meditations principally upon the whole course of this present day, and on my gradual progress in thoughtlessness.

First of all, I had prepared myself neither in the morning nor in the evening, in spite of all the admonitions of my heart; I had not taken particular measures which was absolutely necessary, according to many sad experiences, if I would remain master of

N 3 myself,

myself, wise and virtuous. I had a very distinct presension that the other day would not be spent well. I prayed, in the morning, without devotion—I was thoughtless—my conscience was not quite silent; I reasoned, however, against its secret admonitions, whispering softly in its ear, “There certainly will be no harm in going to dine with a friend. Jesus Christ, himself, went to the wedding at Cana. If it be no sin to go out to dinner, then, certainly, it will be right to dress myself properly; and to have my hair put in order also, will be no sin! To consult the looking-glass whether one is dressed cleanly and properly can, at most, be childish—but it can certainly not be sinful.” I went; one hour, or one hour and an half, were spent in gazing, gaping, and chattering. “It would, however, have been impossible to
“ say

“say something useful; it would have been
 “the most ridiculous and unsupportable af-
 “fectionation if I had attempted to force some
 “moral or christian conversation upon the
 “company! Our discourse was, at least,
 “not sinful.”

We sat down to table—began to chatter
 and to laugh: I joined in laughing, and the
 cursed itch of amusing, and interesting a
 whole company by my talk, raised my spi-
 rits; I contributed my share of anecdotes—
 and then went on by degrees, till not the
 least spark of seriousness was left in my soul.
 Every moment which was unoccupied by
 narrations, every pause between anecdote
 and anecdote, rendered me uneasy. This
 was quite sufficient for me not to decline
 an airing in sledges, “That exercise”—
 thought I—“is innocent and wholesome;
 “it will please the ladies; how odd would

“ it be if I were to affect a pious mein, and
“ retire from the company. How absurd
“ would it be to bring religious subjects on
“ the carpet in a sledge, which advances so
“ rapidly that one must take care not to be
“ thrown off one’s guard, and where one
“ intends to enjoy an innocent pleasure!”

This argument seems, in the moment of amusement, and in the situation itself, to be pretty just.—However, the sum of all these ideas and arguments is, nevertheless, the *loss of a day* (not to mention a word of the consequences of *bad example*, which may be much more dreadful, than we perhaps ever imagine) the loss of a day—what an irreparable loss!—Who gives me the liberty and the right to throw away a day, which is the property of my God? A whole day not to live as my Lord and Master wants me to live! To conform to the world a single day.

To

To neglect one day to sow seeds for the harvest of eternity!—What a dreadful delusion! O! God! how much good could I have done yesterday; how much good which now has not been and never will be done!—Although whatever I have done should have been innocent, and whatever I have omitted should have been omitted innocently, after the opinion of all moralists, yet I cannot but reflect with inward grief, that this day could have been spent in a manner more useful to myself and others in all eternity.—A merchant who *could* have gained a thousand dollars in one day, and *has* gained only three or four, will scarcely persuade himself that he has had a good day, although some other person who is used to gain little or nothing in many days, would think that trifling sum large enough.

Yet many people might, perhaps, think that

that it would be too anxious, to weigh our days in that manner—however, he who knows how much good we can do in one day, will certainly think one day which he has idled away, a very lamentable loss. Besides the idea of the death-bed of my friend forces itself constantly on my imagination, though ever so much against my inclination. How ill spent would I think such a day to be with every other person, and how much should I pity such a person if I were to view it by the side of a dying man!

“Live, as thou at the gates of eternity
“ shalt wish to *have* lived”—can I repeat this too frequently—Whatever prevents me from reflecting with tranquillity and pleasure on my last moment shall be suspected by my heart, although the whole world should declare it innocent;—or, which is the same, whatever I do not perform in the name, as
a disci-

a disciple and follower of Jesus Christ, what Jesus Christ in my place, and in my situation would not have done, and what I would not do if he were visibly standing before me!

I prayed, not without repentance and devotion, for the forgiveness of my sins, particularly those of the other day. O! God! prevent, through Jesus Christ, all bad consequences of my thoughtlessness and inattention. Thou canst and wilt do it—O what an inestimable comfort is this—how little do we value it?

I went to bed at half an hour after eleven, and prayed for constancy in my good resolutions; I heard the watchman cry twelve o'clock, and then fell asleep.

JANUARY

JANUARY the Nineteenth.

ALTHOUGH I had sat up last night later than usual, yet I awoke before six o'clock, with an uncommon tranquillity and serenity ; I sighed, and thanked God for it. As soon as my wife awoke I told her how serene I was ; however, I would not boast of that sensation, because it was perhaps not so deeply rooted in my heart, as it appeared ; I told her, it was no merit to be easy at heart when there seemed to be no occasion for uneasiness. But to remain tranquil when people do whatever they can to disturb our peace of mind ; then not to lose one's equanimity—is the effect of superior wisdom and a firmer virtue. Our conversation became more and more serious ; I said (thank God, with

with conviction, and not without shame and sorrow), " I become every day more sensible, that I am not yet a true disciple of Jesus Christ; I should be horribly mistaken, if, in spite of all the good qualities I may have attained, which I am not inclined to deny out of a false humility, I were to fancy to possess only in a tolerable degree, that faith and love which the Gospel so clearly requires."

My wife fancied that I carried matters rather too far; that I made myself uneasy without need—" You have," she said, " virtue and your eternal happiness more at heart, than a thousand other people; you do every day so much good, and I am convinced you do it with the greatest sincerity of heart—why should you be dissatisfied with yourself? Who could hope to
" be

"be saved, if one must be better, and do
 "more good than you." moved I " (wonder)

to I can say that I heard this speech of my
 wife, not only with indifference, but also
 with pungent shame, and almost with tears;
 though it came from the lips of my ten-
 derest friend, and the ocular witness of my
 life.

"Alas!" said I, "we deceive ourselves in
 "a most shocking manner, if we compare
 "ourselves to other people, and not to our
 "great and sole prototype. Do you think,
 "my dearest love, God will judge us after
 "the example of those who are worse than
 "ourselves, or after the law of liberty? Do
 "you think it possible, according to the na-
 "ture of things, to share the happiness of
 "Christ, if the mind is not in us which was
 "also in Jesus Christ? Is not the purest love
 " of

“ of God and man, the natural and imme-
“ diate source of the happiness of a mortal
“ being? Although God be ever so power-
“ ful and merciful, yet he cannot take us
“ into his communion without that love; and
“ without the communion with him, we
“ shall be as little capable of true happiness,
“ adequate to our rational, moral, and spi-
“ ritual nature, as an idiot, or an unlettered
“ man is susceptible of the pure pleasures
“ of wisdom and meditation; our soul can,
“ without an intimate and immediate com-
“ munion with God, be as little happy, as
“ our body can live without air.

“ Love God above all things, and thy
“ neighbour like thyself.—O my God! how
“ far distant am I still from that mark! No
“ general love, including all human-kind!
“ No love, as St. Paul describes it, 1 Cor. xiii,
“ is in my heart—No love of God—Alas!

“ my

"my dear! and my heart is still enslaved by
 "so much thoughtlessness, heaviness, weak-
 "ness, worldliness, vanity, ambition, and
 "irascibility.—I never can be sure; to be,
 "only one day, I will not say, perfectly vir-
 "tuous, but only free of all voluntarily,
 "excited, or fostered emotions of these
 "vices!"

I rose not before eight o'clock, and read
 the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of
 St. Matthew. My sentiment for this day
 shall be: "*Verily I say unto you, except ye be*
 "*converted, and become as little children, ye*
 "*shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven:*
 "*Whoever shall therefore humble himself as this*
 "*little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom*
 "*of heaven.*"

I find this sentence more grand, than it
 can be expressed by words. O, my good
 God! let my whole deportment, and my most

secret

secret sensations, be a living interpretation of these words!

This was one of the best days of this year. To-day—thanks to thee, O merciful God!—I have lived—*all in all*—true to all my principles, as much as possible!

JANUARY the Twentieth.

I ROSE at six o'clock. It was cold; and I was not quite well, and tempted to lay myself down again; however, I wrapt myself in my pelise, lighted the fire, which employed and amused me half an hour, but gave me head-ache and tooth-ache—I was angry with myself—yet I read the twentieth

and twenty-first chapters of St. Matthew. The sentiment I chose for the present day was: *All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*

I reflected seriously upon these words, having little else to do, and felt an uncommon tranquillity and serenity in my soul at it.—One similar passage after the other occurred to my recollection.—I was astonished that such a number of plain passages, treating on the efficacy of devout prayers, which I had so frequently heard and read, should now, for the first time, strike me so powerfully; I rejoiced however as much at it, as if I had found a great treasure.—Yet I was very sensible that I was still destitute of faith, and a lively attachment to the divine truth—I sighed therefore, that that faith which is acceptable to God, might be encreased and animated within me.

In the afternoon Mr. M—— came to see me. My whole heart was replete with the new truth which I fancied to have found out. I conversed with him upon it; he listened attentively to me with a smiling mien, and at last said: "It is very remarkable, that
" you introduce this subject to my attention;
" I assure you, that in spite of what one is
" used to observe, in order to restrain these
" divine promises, I am fully convinced that
" we wrong the Gospel very much, if we
" deny that the great reward, which has
" been promised to faith and prayers, does
" not extend to our times. However, I cannot but confess, that to this hour I have
" kept this conviction to myself, apprehending to expose myself to idle litigations of
" words and ridicule; but now I will thank
" God, that he has granted you the same
" persuasion."

He then related to me, with an amiable simplicity, modesty, and warmth, several extremely remarkable incidents of very striking and almost wonderful grants of prayers, which he himself had experienced in very important concerns, and of which he as yet had spoken to no one. He begged me to divulge to no one, even not to my wife, what he had told me; I promised it: the tears started several times from my eyes; I thanked God, with great emotion of heart, for this confirmation in my faith, for which I had prayed to-day. O God! how good, how unspeakably more merciful art thou than men will believe thee to be, notwithstanding all thy positive promises! They dispute thy goodness, instead of simply trying to experience it, according to the instruction of thy Gospel.

O! give me the spirit of simple filial faith,
and

and I shall certainly experience, that, although heaven and earth should pass away, yet the words of Jesus Christ never will.

These reflections employed me the whole day—and yet—I did not pray half an hour without interruption.—O! how giddy is my heart! how much does it act in contradiction with itself! when shall it be wholly conformable to its feelings.

JANUARY the Twenty-first and Second.

THESE two days I had the tooth-ache, though not very violent, and a swelled face. I could neither read nor write much; and now I am not at leisure to write down several situations of my mind which I have observed.

My wife read to me Jerusalem's Sermons on the Blessings of Heaven.—My mind was very tranquil and serene.—These two nights I had the fourth and fifth canto of the Messiah read to me. What a pastime for the mind, and the heart!—What an excellent performance it would be, if a poet would paint with majesty and simplicity, and without *fiction*, the life, and all the deeds of Christ; in short, the whole history of the Gospel! . . .

JANUARY the Twenty-third.

I DID not rise before half an hour after seven, prayed without attention, and felt some uneasiness in my mind; however, I became

I became more easy, as soon as I began to read in the Gospel.—I read three chapters of St. Matthew, and chose, as a sentiment for this day, the words: *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!* ————— I drank chocolate, wrote a letter to O—, and another to N—. To the latter I remitted a book, which he had lent me long ago. I recollected the request of my deceased friend; else I should have felt some reluctance to return the book; God knows, not out of dishonesty or selfishness, but partly from laziness and commodiousness, and partly because I was rather ashamed of having kept the book so long; I would willingly have given him one into the bargain, if that would have spared me the shame of my negligence.

My servant asked me after dinner, whether she should sweep my room. “Yes,

"but you must not touch my books, nor
"my papers." This I spoke not with the
gentle, mild accent of a good heart! No! a
secret uneasiness and fear, that it would give
me some vexation, seemed to have taken
place in my heart. After she had been gone
some time, I said to my wife, "I am afraid
"she will cause some confusion up stairs."
My wife stole away a few moments after,
with the best intention, in order to prevent
any vexation of that sort, and commanded
the servant to be careful.—"Is my room not
"swept yet?" I exclaimed at the bottom of
the stairs. However, instead of waiting pa-
tiently for an answer, I ran up stairs, and on
my entering the room, the servant overturned
an ink-stand; which was standing on the
shelf. She was very much terrified; and I
called to her in very harsh terms: "What
"a stupid *beast* you are! Have I not posi-
tively

"fively told you to be careful?"—My wife followed me up stairs, slow and fearful.—Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew; I took no notice of her; running to the table, lamenting and moaning; as if the most important writings had been spoiled and rendered useless; although the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet, and some blotting paper.—The servant watched an opportunity to sneak away, and my wife approached me with timid mildness. "My dear husband," she said—I stared at her with vexation in my looks—she embraced me—I wanted to get out of her way—her face rested on my cheek for a few moments—"you hurt your health, my dear!" she said at last, with unspeakable tenderness.—I now began to be ashamed. I remained silent, and at last began to weep! "What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare
" not

"not lift up my eyes! I cannot rid myself
"of the dominion of that sinful passion!"
"But, my dear," replied my wife, "consider
"how many days and weeks pass without
"your being overcome by your anger!—
"come along with me, we will pray toge-
"ther."—She went with me into her closet,
praying so naturally, fervently, and so much
to the purpose, that I thanked God sincerely
for that hour and my wife, being extremely
revived by her prayers.

We were interrupted; I went to my study,
sighed a few moments, tore the stained paper
to pieces, and threw it away.—It struck me,
that the skull was also stained with ink.—It
shall be my remembrancer.

Thus far I had wrote when Mr. M—
came to see me. We conversed on different
news and books, smoked a pipe, and I for-
got myself almost entirely. The servant
brought

brought tobacco; I scarcely could look at her; the sight of her pierced my soul; and yet I rejoiced secretly that I was not alone when I saw her the first time, after I had given vent to my passion; I should not have known what carriage to assume. Very fortunately she seemed herself ashamed and dejected, as if begging my pardon; this drew a tear from my eye.

My spirits revived again when she had left the room, and my friend went away at five o'clock. I should have been glad to have had his company longer, because I was afraid of being left to the reflections on myself.—I tried to read a little; and yet my conscience told me that I should not read now.—Soon after I laid the book aside, and was going to converse with God, and with myself; however—it would not do—I was obdured like a stone.—I sat down, vexed at myself, and
continued

continued my journal thus far: and (alas! why am I still so stubborn, so inflexible, and tearless?) I was much less ashamed of my disgraceful rashness, than I ought to have been; however, I perceive very well, that I amuse myself as much as I can. And I know, nevertheless, that I shall repeat this sin, as sure as I now neglect to postpone every thing, though ever so innocent and ever so good, in order to reflect upon, and to feel the whole force of the abominableness of my fault; if I do not endeavour, at present, with the greatest diligence, to lament it sincerely, and to pray to him who, through Jesus Christ, can take away and repair all the bad consequences of our sins, to forgive me my transgressions. O, God! let my heart become sincere and artless; I am more afraid of it than of the most inveterate enemy, and the most artful traitor. It deceives and
blinds

blinds me never more effectually than after I have made a slip.—Then it impels me to go and to do a good action, to perform something useful, to give advice, to write an important letter which was forgotten, to assist the poor, &c. &c. &c. for no other reason but to divert me imperceptibly from myself, and from the reflection on my faults.

Whatever good I can do at present, is of less consequence than reflecting now in private and silently, in the presence of God, upon myself—and endeavouring to advise and to assist myself in preference to others. I will therefore dedicate the present moments to faithful and exact reflections on the heinousness of the sin I have committed.

God was present when I gave vent to my anger—the most holy and meek Saviour has witnessed

witnessed the unbecoming and wild eruption of my passion; Jesus Christ to whom I have vowed, hundred and thousand times, to be more upon my guard against that passion—Jesus Christ who has already forgiven me many premeditated sins, which were a thousand times more glaring—Jesus, who amid the most painful sufferings that could be inflicted upon him, exclaimed: *Father forgive them!* he has witnessed my uncharitable and shameful passion and bitterness. He saw me, although I did not see *him*; he has heard my words; the whole disorder of my abominable incensed heart was laid open before his flaming eyes. The holy angels too, who are constantly resorting to this earth, and return joyfully to heaven, when they behold the sincere repentance of a sinner upon earth—they too have been present—Alas! you could not but turn your face from me, ye
friends

friends to virtue, ye heroes in meekness and love—and if now you should return to my happy friend with sorrowful looks, and if he should enquire the reason of it—O! how am I covered with shame!—O! turn your faces again to a sinner, who begins to weep, that he has sinned in the sight of God and heaven!

And thou, Satan, didst rejoice when thou sawest me in a passion—Horrible idea! to have made heaven weep, and hell rejoice!—

I have not acted as a future citizen of heaven—not as a disciple of Jesus Christ, but as a child of hell, as a follower of Satan!

My soul too I have disordered and ruffled! immortal like herself is the impression, the venomous impression which sin has made upon me, if Jesus Christ blots it not out again, through the power of his omnipotent spirit.

Every

Every repetition of a sin; every repeated eruption of a passion, improves the heinous habitude—of sinning without compunction. And if I should happen to die, or to be surprised by death, in such a situation of mind, O! my God, make me very sensible of the insufferable horror of that idea—let me sensibly feel the shame and terror at myself, which would seize me, if I should be summoned before thy most holy tribunal; and view, in the bright light of thy presence, the horrors of my own heart.—And the impression which my anger may have made on the heart of my servant (not to mention the secret grief which it has caused to my tender wife)—how fatal can it be! which is so much the more to be feared, as it has been produced by a man, of whose probity and virtue

virtue she has no mean idea! How much easier will she now suffer herself to be ruled by similar passions!

What renders this accident still more vexatious to me, is the idea: *how good, how excellent my behaviour would have been, if I had remained cool and moderate!*—if I had been prepared for an accident of that kind, and considered how easily one can commit such a slip! if I had asked myself, *how would thy Lord and Master have behaved in such a case? or how wouldst thou act if his presence were visible to thee?* if I had awaited the easy answer to that question, and really directed my thoughts to this my Lord and Master—“O Lord! imprint the image of thy meekness deeply upon my soul! Let thy spirit be active in my heart! bestow upon me the most precious of all gifts in heaven and upon earth—thy mind!” If in that situa-

tion of mind I had slept in my room, and taken care not to do it while I perceived the least uneasiness, or inclination to anger, in the remotest recesses of my heart—if then I had said to my servant, in a mild accent, “It seems you have had a little accident!” “Well! well! I do not think it will be of consequence, and if you should have damaged my papers, I will not scold you, Kitty; I know you did not do it design- edly, and you will be more careful in future.” O God! how easy should I be now! how many vexations could I have avoided! with how much pleasure would the holy angels—would Jesus Christ have looked upon me! how much should I have been improved by a single victory of that kind! what a strength should I have acquired against any future trial! and what an example could I have set!

not

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I . . . These

These reflections make the deepest and most efficacious impression upon my heart, and overwhelm me with sorrow and grief—O God, in whom I live and move, and have my being, keep this idea alive in my soul—arm my heart with these sensations against all attacks of temptations, and of my passions. I deserve the additional humiliation so vexatious to my vanity—to make a drawing of that fatal scene, to put it up as an ever present monitor.

* * * * *

JANUARY the Twenty-fourth.

I AWOKE at six o'clock, my mind being still occupied with the idea of the fault I had committed yesterday; and tossed myself

P 2

to

to and fro in my bed, tormented by uneasiness, shame, anxiety, and fear of myself. I began to weep gently, and a loud groan stole from my breast; at length I began to pray, and became easier and more serene. My wife comforted me, praying with me the hymn:

"O Lord how boundless is thy mercy!" &c. &c. &c.

I almost melted in tears when we came to the words:

"O Saviour that I equalled thee in meekness!

"But I confess my guilty weakness,

"Confess that wild unbridled passion,

"Stains but too frequently my mind;

"Makes me to every christian virtue, blind."

I took the resolution to remain the whole morning in private, and to reflect, as much as possible, upon myself. Having drank tea, I walked up and down the room, and recalled to my mind the image of my crucified Saviour, when

when he exclaimed: "*Father! forgive them;
" for they know not what they do."*

I sat myself down, and began to draw a design of that situation, as well as I could.

Good God! what sensations thrilled my soul, while I was doing it!—Unutterable pains, the most provoking insults, and a malice never equalled; could not disturb thy equanimity, thou eternal love in human shape! did not animate thee with resentment! No! with pity! I take hold of thy cross, and adore thee—Give me thy spirit, and I shall become thy disciple! (i).

(i) The Editor has been obliged to leave out the second part of the observations of this day.

* * * * *

JANUARY the Twenty-fifth.

HAVING not much to do to-day, I will make some observations which may serve to improve my virtue, and to produce pious sentiments in my heart.

I read the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew with silent attention, much emotion, and sincere edification.

I cannot comprehend entirely the parable of the ten virgins ; at most, the chief purport of it.—What may it mean: *all of them have been asleep ?* the wise virgins too—*Go ye rather to them that sell*—This too I do not comprehend. I know very well that one ought not to lay a particular stress on every individual part of a parable ; however, the wisdom of our heavenly instructor intitles me to expect that every head part of the parable

ble

ble must relate to something. Should, perhaps, this parable be a kind of prophecy, the meaning of which will be cleared up either during the completion of it, or afterwards? (k).

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, wherein the son of man cometh. O God! grant that I always may be ready to appear before thee—Stop, O my soul! and reflect upon the important words: before thee—before thee, my Father—my Creator—my

(k) If we look upon this parable as a prophecy of the siege and fall of Jerusalem, and the different behaviour of the Christians and Jews, the former of whom properly may be called *wise*, in opposition to the latter, the doubts of the Author can easily be cleared up. Both parties slept; or (which is the same) had no idea that the Romans would be able to take a town so strongly fortified, and garrisoned with an immense number of defenders, far superior to that of the besiegers; till they were roused from their security by the encreasing danger.

TRANSLATOR.

Judge, and—my Redeemer, who only has immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man has seen, nor can see.

* * * *

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!—How important! how unspeakably comforting! to be pronounced by God, good and faithful! by him whose judgment alone is just—faithful over a few things—procures dominion over, and possession of many things.—Christ will make the faithful ruler over many things! will, consequently, pronounce him worthy, and capable of taking care of a great part of the concerns of his kingdom in the next world—he shall participate of the joy of his Master.

Thou wicked and slothful servant! thou
knowest

knowest that I reaped where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed!—How many men defame the goodness of God, and yet are not afraid to bid defiance to a God, and wilfully to transgress the laws of a God, whom they think to be too hard and rigorous!

* * * * *

Unto every one that has shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that has not shall be taken away, even that which he has.

The truth of this sentence is implied in the nature of the subject. We possess something only if we make a proper use of it; if I make no use of the small light which God has given me, it soon will extinguish entirely. *Non-use is certain loss.*

* * * * *

When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then he shall sit upon

upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. If future salvation would be desirable, and future damnation dreadful, for no other reason they certainly would be so on account of that separation!—What a heaven where there are none but good men! what a hell where there are none but villains! How infinitely must this separation and association multiply the happiness of the former, and the despair of the latter!

* * * * *

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!—What a kingdom, the glory of which has been founded from all eternity by the Infinite—and must encrease, and come to its maturity, by divine institutions, which
have

have been carried on through many thousand years !

I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat—
 Here I cannot restrain the starting tear—
 Jesus Christ ! I a poor reptile, can feed thee ! Thee, who art the source of all nourishment, and the fountain of life !—O if I did but believe this ; always believe it ! what a different shape would then my charities assume ! If a king went about begging, without being known, and I had certain intelligence that I beheld a king before me, how would I treat him, although I should be desirous, or obliged to conceal my knowledge of his being a king ! Alas ! I will confess that I seldom believe, faithfully believe, what Jesus Christ says : *Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me ! Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it*

not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

The sole omission of charitable deeds causes the dreadful sentence: *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* Who will be able to associate with the assembly of the enemies to God, truth, virtue, happiness, and the human race, without being utterly miserable? O God! have mercy on me! Even those who only have neglected being charitable, *shall go into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.* Righteousness, that is, loving Christ in his members, and life everlasting, are materially connected

(1).

 (1) The Editor must omit the remainder of this day's journal.

JANUARY

God while I was writing, and lighted to him
to make them, by his power, efficacious in
the heart of the

JANUARY the Twenty-sixth

I READ the three first chapters of St. Mark; and chose for the sentiment of this day, the words: *They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

I was occupied all the morning; yet I remained tranquil, and almost constantly serene, some little inward emotions excepted.

I dispatched my dinner, perused my rules, blushed at my negligence, giddiness, and inconstancy, and prayed with no small confidence.—I was occupied with writing some letters till near four o'clock. I could introduce some good ideas, which occurred to my mind, in a very natural manner; I thanked
God

God while I was writing, and sighed to him to make them, by his power, efficacious in the hearts of my friends.—Emotions of vanity were several times rising within me; I repelled them with pungent shame and scornful pride, and conquered them courageously, without listening to their enchanting voice.

I was quite alone in the evening, and felt some inclination to devotion. I began to sing the hymns:

“How often does thy heart complain,” &c. &c. &c.

“When once the trials of this life,” &c. &c. &c.

My mind was very much affected, and my silent joy rose by degrees to a real rapture,—One tear of joy followed the other; I became so unspeakably happy, that I sunk down upon my face, forgetting every thing around me, and feeling only the presence of God. I was sensible of my great weakness, my want of merit, my nothing—and, O God!

how

how unspeakably did I perceive thy greatness, thou source of life!—God, all in all! I prayed with a fervour so powerful, penetrating, and confiding in God, with such a humility, devotion, warmth, and joyfulness, that I fancied to be translated to a new and better world. Several doctrines and passages of the Gospel made an inutterable impression upon me; but I was particularly struck by the words: *in him we live and move, and have our being*. Here, here where I am praying, the infinite God is present! *My Creator* (O, what strong and powerful sensations rouses this word: *Creator*, within my breast!) *my Creator* is here—the spirit of spirits, who lives from eternity to eternity—the creator of all the numberless worlds—He who conversed with Moses and Abraham, and Isaiah, with St. Paul, and John, the Father of all—He whose breath I am—

my

my—my Creator!—O! how many thousand times have I forgot thee (thou Father in concealment! Omnipresent! Invisible!—My prayers encompassed all human-kind—all the inmates of my house, friends, fellow-citizens, enemies, all Christians, all the inhabitants of the earth were the objects of it; I penetrated to the most distant seas—into the deepest mines—dungeons—I included the whole human race—present and future times and nations—infants in their mothers womb—deceased—damned—yea—Satan himself. I prayed for all to the Infinite, who is present every where; prayed with the most affectionate love, and with the deepest sense of my nothingness, shedding a stream of melting tears of love and joy—I supplicated him to have mercy on all in all eternity—
“Thou art love—yes, thou art love—and
“thou hast extended thy mercy to the most
“unworthy

“unworthy of all—Father of all! Creator
“of all! Love—eternal love! extend soon
“thy mercy to all!” This, and far more
than I can describe, I felt—but then I was
also repeatedly seized with a secret dread,
and an obscure apprehension, that this happy
situation of mind would soon pass away, and
that I should relapse again into my former
insensibility.

This too forced fervent sighs to God from
my bosom, and I besought him with tears,
always to keep me firm in sentiments, which
will enable me to look joyfully back on this
hour. I am well aware, that if I should
communicate this happy situation to any per-
son, the first word, or the first look, of him
to whom I should relate it, would not be
very propitious to me. That look would,
perhaps, accuse me of fanaticism; I know,
however, that my heart and understanding

are equally far remote from fanaticism. Lively sentiments of truth, or sentiments which the purest and coolest reason would find conform to truth, although they should not be under our controul, cannot be fanatic or suspected.

It is impossible that I ever could be too humble, or too joyful, when contemplating the infinite love of God. Christ entertains such sentiments towards me, he has done for me things so infinitely great, that even the most fervent adoration, and the most fervent reciprocal love, never can be compared with it.—The coolest reason will always find disproportion between the love of Christ and ours. The chief point is, as far as I can see in the presence of God, that our feelings be founded on truth.

I know the nature of my soul, as little as the manner in which the omnipresent God-head

head can influence spirits. If it be the will of God that I shall look upon a sentiment as his *immediate* work, he certainly will distinguish it sufficiently from all sentiments which may arise in a natural way. Suffice it, that every sentiment conform to truth, which carries me nearer to the connection with God in which Christ has placed me, must originate in some manner or other from God, the source of all that is good. He alone is the only author of such sentiments—and I can never persuade myself, that when I am sensible of my weakness, of my nothingness, the omnipresence, the all-sufficiency of God, and the infinite mercy of Christ, when I am sensible of all this in profound adoration, and amid tears of joy, and seem almost to be melted by these feelings, that this be fanaticism, delusion of fancy, or something blameable. During all the time I am indulging

these feelings, I am in a situation in which it is impossible I should displease God. I must only take care not to look upon that happy situation, as a symptom of my being in a state of grace; that is, as a proof of my personal and constant capacity to be exalted to the heavenly communion with God.—

Although that situation should be ever so good, so sublime and God-like, yet it would contribute to my condemnation, if it should not make me more virtuous, honest, active, and humble in my behaviour, &c. &c. &c. in the same degree as a virtuous action does, indeed, not cease being a good deed, although I should again transgress, but, nevertheless, is insufficient by *itself* to promote my *salvation*, if not new actions, flowing from the purest sources, constantly succeed it.

I thank God, with sincere affection, for the unspeakable mercy he has to-day granted

to

to me, the most unworthy of his subjects, and have not the least doubt that this sense, so conformable to truth, is his work, some how or other; I will pray to him to preserve it within my heart, as much as the nature of things will allow, and to render it a new source of sublime virtues—And, in order to imprint that situation deeper upon my heart, and to have a livelier sense of its contrast with other thoughtless and vicious situations, I will design a drawing of it, which shall be a constant remembrancer to me.

JANUARY the Twenty-seventh.

My Birth-Day.

Seven o'Clock in the Morning.

I KNOW that before the Eternal all days are alike; however, we mortals ought to mark out certain days, and dedicate them, in a particular manner, to certain meditations and feelings. The day which reminds us of our birth in so natural a manner, deserves, without doubt, to be celebrated in that moral and christian manner. In that light I have viewed it these twelve years. It has had long ago something very animating and solemn for me. The farther I advanced in life, the more important and solemn it appeared to me. With every return of that

day

day I felt, in a more lively manner, the brevity and fleetness of my life; with every return I learned to know myself better; became more sensible of the high degree of my weakness and failings, the depth of my moral corruption, and, at the same time, of the indispensable necessity of attaining a higher degree of sanctity; and yet—O! what a humiliating and, nevertheless, but too true idea—I always remained the same to this present day, which is my thirty-third birth-day. Thirty-two years of a life, which, at most, may last seventy or eighty years—perhaps may close to-day—Thirty-two years are fled for ever with the present day! My life may last only a day longer, or be continued to the highest degree of eighty years; yet it is certain, but too certain, that more than a third part of it is irrevocably past for ever.

And how quick, how almost incomprehensibly quick has it past away! Will the days or years, which I yet have to live, pass away with less fleetness? Will their duration seem longer to me than the same number of days and years which I have lived already?—According to my experience and feelings, much quicker and shorter—More occupations, relations, and connections, &c. &c. &c. will make my future days appear to me shorter and fleetier than those that are past. On every journey, in every new situation of life, and in every occupation, I have observed that the second part seemed shorter to me than the first, and the third shorter than the second—All the young people I interrogate about it tell me, unanimously, that every year seems shorter to them than the preceding one.

Two-and-thirty years shall I have closed
with

with this day ; two-and-thirty years of a life which has been allotted to me, as well on account of myself, as with respect to another better and longer life ; of a life which is nothing else but an apprenticeship, a time of education and preparation, the seed time for an eternal, endless life. Two-and-thirty years which were to be dedicated to thee my Creator, Father, and Redeemer—that is, to my own eternal and true happiness, and that of my fellow-creatures—are now past away—and at last I must confess, voluntarily or not, others may think of me whatever they chuse ; if I will speak the truth, I must confess with shame that, at bottom, I am still the same ungodly corrupted being, I am sensible I have been in the beginning of my rational life ; the sight of which has made me blush so often, has forced so many bitter tears from my eyes, so many, and as I flatter myself,

myself, sincere sighs from my breast, and which I have bemoaned and detested so frequently, and so strongly. I will not conceal from myself that my character, generally speaking, has evidently improved. My ideas have been enlarged in many branches of knowledge—the exterior of my deportment may, in general, have a more serious, sedate, and wise appearance; I will also not conceal from myself, that within these last nine or ten years, I have done a great deal of good with a laudable intention, and frequently with humility and simplicity, with joy and zeal before God through Jesus Christ.—O God! these tears which are flowing down my cheeks, are witnesses of my adoring gratitude for every good and pious sensation which thou hast worked in me—yet, for all that, I dare not conceal from myself, that I am nevertheless, at bottom,
the

the same sinful, corrupted, and ungodly being; those sins which arise from my temper, weakness, laziness, sensuality, are still in full power, and, at most, prevented from breaking out openly by external and human political reasons. Ambition, vanity, anger, false shame, and frequently (who would think it) a secret *dishonesty*, which, however, I am very sensible of, and rebellion against the voice of my conscience—have still a very powerful sway over me.

No! ye, do not occupy and animate my soul! Days and weeks pass, while, notwithstanding all my endeavours to promote the honour of God, and the happiness of human society—I do not continue for an hour to feel only *such* a real love for God, and my fellow-creatures, as I frequently feel for whole hours and days for my wife, and, at present, for my deceased friend. I am so certain,

certain, and feel it as strongly as ever I can feel any thing in the world, that these sentiments are by far not ruling in my soul; and although the whole world should say that these sentiments prevail in my soul, yet my heart does not tell me so. My heart condemns me; and the praise of a whole world is nothing to me while my heart condemns me. I also see, I perceive and know to the highest degree of certainty, that a reform of my heart will not be the work of a moment; not of a day, or a week. I am very sensible how difficult it is to become master of one's passions, habits, inclinations, or aversions; in short, *master of one's self*.

And yet this is the great task I am charged with; and it must absolutely be performed, if my hope of eternal happiness shall not be founded on a sandy bottom. If I will be Christ's, I must have crucified the flesh with
the

the affections and lusts. O! my God! my Creator! I beseech thee, author of my life, my soul, and of all my abilities! Father of Jesus Christ, who art also my Father—I prostrate myself before thee, beseeching thee to animate my indolent heart on this important and ever memorable day, that I may watch over myself with new zeal, and, assisted by thee, may work my own improvement, and my real and eternal happiness! Animate my soul, that I may love thee, love thee above all things in this world which are dear to me! that I may love nothing but thee, and every thing in thee, and for thy sake! that I may believe thee more than all men! that I may unite myself to thee through Jesus Christ, thy Son, most cordially and holy assisted by the power of thy omnipresent Holy Ghost, thou sole, eternal, and inexhaustible

haustible source of light, truth, virtue, and eternal life!—Thou, O most merciful being of beings, hast granted me temporal life without my prayers; shouldst thou be able to refuse me the life divine, the life of the soul, consisting in the knowledge of truth, and the practice of virtue—if I pray to thee with the most fervent ardour?—But, alas! I have already besought thee so frequently to grant me this prayer, particularly on my birth-day—and yet I am still the same!—Alas! all the apartments of my house, and particularly this spot, where in thy presence I now am writing down, with trembling and shame, my feeble sensations witness against me! how many vows have I made here and there!—and yet, alas! I am still the same. To-day I must still exclaim and sigh with agony and shame

shame, as I have done five, ten, fifteen years ago : *who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?*

I feel myself weaker than ever ; I know and am very sensible that I cannot save myself, and yet I must be saved. Who can save me, but thou, O Father of my life ? Who can deliver me from the dominion of sin and death, but thou, through Jesus Christ ? O Father, who hast formed me in my mother's womb, who hast animated me with thy immortal breath—O my Father, who hast guided me with unspeakable love, from the first moment of my life till now ; dare I doubt that thou wilt grant my prayer, if I implore thee for nothing but *faith* and *love*, for nothing but the Holy Ghost.

Alas !

Six o'Clock, P. M.

'Alas! the more I reflect upon myself, and my life, the more do I perceive how destitute I am of the true sentiments of a Christian! Alas! this day will soon be closed, and I have not yet been able to commune properly with myself—and only a few moments are left me which I can devote to serious meditation. O! my God! let not this day pass away, before I perceive within me a new lively desire of uniting myself truly and firmly with thee; but grant me an animation which exists not only in my imagination and my blood, but takes root in my soul, and extends to the life everlasting. O! Father of my life, who givest me every breath I draw, give me also, through thy omnipresent spirit, the heavenly flame of the new spiritual life. Convey me, with thy all-powerful

powerful hand, into the kingdom of thy beloved son, which is not in word, but in power; which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost! What I have felt but yesterday, is unspeakable adoration of thy divine majesty and loveliness. That far extending sensation of true spiritual love, which encompasses all mankind, O let it not dart transitorily through my soul! let it always animate me to great deeds of self-denial and charity! O! Father! my life passes away! I perceive it! I thank thee, Father, for this lively, salutary sensation! This very sensation impels me to seek thee, and not to neglect to pray to thee for mercy—and really to obtain mercy.

O my omnipresent God! how I desire to know thee better, to adore thee better, and to love thee with a more filial affection! how I wish to be more eternally happy in thee,

in thee alone! I wish I could enter in a heavenly communion with thee, before this day is past! Yes, to-day, O Father of mercy! alas! else my soul will find no rest.—O that this day might become one day of my spiritual regeneration, and the first day of a new, quite God-like, and heavenly life! Alas! why can I not renew the humility and the raptures of adoration which I experienced yesterday! I will, however, pray to thee as well as I can; *unto every one that has shall be given.*—O Father! who art above all, and through all, and in us all, who art present in thousand heavens, and in all the numberless worlds and suns, distributing inexhaustible life and happiness throughout the whole immense creation, blessing many millions of angels and saints with unspeakable joys, looking down with mercy upon thousands of mortals who now are hailing, for the first time,

time, the light of this world; supporting and relieving with thy omnipotent power, thousands who now are leaving this world.

—Yea who settest up as a witness of thy glory, even the worm creeping on the dust

—Father of all spirits! eternal Father of my spirit! grant me this day a penetrating, enlivening look of thy divine, paternal love! reveal, O reveal thyself unto me! let me taste the inestimable happiness, but let me also possess it as a constant property—*to worship thee in spirit and truth!*

Animate, enliven, cherish, and strengthen my faith in thee, and in Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

Behold! O Lord! I have taken upon me to speak unto thee, who am but dust and ashes—O condescend to return an answer to thy creature, the breath of thy mouth, thy child, to a brother of Jesus Christ, for whom

Christ has sacrificed his life, to me, who without thee, am an inanimated corpse ! grant me the spirit of wisdom and revelation, that I may know thee ; enlighten the eyes of my understanding, that I may know and perceive the greatness of my calling, and my destination ; that I also may perceive the love of Christ, which surpasses all understanding.

Yes, Father of my life ! give me the spirit of faith and love—animate me from moment to moment more powerfully, not to relax in the combat of faith, till I have conquered thee by my prayers and tears, like Jacob of old ; till I am entirely devoted to thee, and feel myself filled with all the fullness of God !

O ! revive me that I may be powerful and fervent to resuscitate others along with myself, and to lead them to the ever blissful communion

communion with thee; that every one of my future days be rich in God-like deeds, which bring forth fruit of eternal bliss, through Jesus Christ, my ever blessed Saviour, Amen!

Eleven o'Clock at Night.

Now—God be praised! I am going to finish this day—however, I will not finish it before I have offered to thee thanksgivings for my existence, and brought before thee once more the sincerest prayer for the spirit of faith, and thy faithful paternal love.—

I thank thee for the first and greatest of all thy blessings—for my *existence*, which thou hast given me through Jesus Christ, which thou hast preserved to this day, and hast promised to preserve for ever, as long as thou thyself shalt exist!

O! Father! give thy blessing, that I may

R 3

enjoy

enjoy my existence for ever in thy communion! O! there are moments when I feel with tears of gladness the blessings of my existence; O! that this happy sensation might be for ever present and active in my mind! O! Father! this too is in thy power! open my heart for this and other good sentiments. Lead me always through thy truth to virtue, and through virtue to eternal happiness. Let me never forget that I exist through thee, in order to be happy with thee for ever, through Jesus Christ. Amen!

I now will go to bed, and raise my heart to thee some moments longer! Have mercy upon me, and give me the spirit of faith and love, through Jesus Christ. Amen!

JANUARY

JANUARY the Twenty-eighth.

MUCH business—much mercy!—I have hardly time to write my journal; yet I will write down at least a few words.—Letters to Mrs M*** and O***—ten rix dollars for hymn books—sealed up, and sent away.

The godson of my deceased friend—of the choice of a profession, &c. &c. &c.

After dinner a visit from Mrs. *** (I promised to recommend her, and wrote instantly a note for that purpose), afterwards from Mr. *** who returned me ten rix dollars which I had lent him, and forgot. I wanted to make him a present of the money; but he refused to accept it; "I could make a better use of it!" I was tempted to keep the ten dollars, because I had laid out that

I trembled

R 4

fum

sum to day. I blushed. It was as if a mist were rising up before my eyes. Lord Jesus Christ! preserve me against avarice.

I hesitated not long! I had no rest till they were disposed of.—God be praised! O! forgive me!

I prayed; and then sang a few hymns with my wife; ate a little too hasty and too much at supper.

JANUARY the Twenty-ninth.

I ROSE at length with more reluctance than I ought to have done. However, I roused myself and prayed; but, alas! not quite without opposition from my heart; yet

I trembled

I trembled at it, and began to combat it. I succeeded, and tears flowed from my eyes—tears at my aversion from prayer—from prayer? O, my Creator! who has poisoned the work of thy hands? Who has inspired it with aversion from thee, amiable Love!

I read to my wife the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew; and chose for a sentiment for this day, the words: *Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—Watch.* I must not be indolent and drowsy. The sleep of indolence prevents from praying, and plunges into temptation. I ought to be watchful in every respect, and look about me, that no enemy approach me, no angel of Satan in the shape of an angel of light.

On a former reading of this chapter, I have made some observations which, being at leisure for half an hour, I will write down,

down, and thus imprint indelibly in my heart.—v. 13. *Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman has done, be told for a memorial of her.*—How many pious sentiments, how many christian deeds, and how much love may this example of tenderness have occasioned, in thinking and feeling minds, during these seventeen hundred years. What a reward to that pious woman, that, by the order of Jesus Christ, her deed was recorded and made known every where. How much blessing will she reap from it on the day of judgment! Should it be an improper wish, that my memory might be blessed in a similar manner after my death?

I This passage appears also to me a very deciding proof, that it was the earnest desire of Jesus Christ, that the most remarkable incidents

cidents of his history should be made known to posterity, and set down in writing, because written accounts are the safest, and most positive. Nay, it appears partly from these words of Jesus Christ, that he has attested in a particular manner those incidents which were to be recorded for the benefit of posterity, that he, at least, after his resurrection, will have reminded his disciples of them in a particular manner, and afterwards imprinted them more strongly on their memory through his Holy Ghost, and assisted them in writing them down more distinctly than others.

Moreover is it not remarkable, that the fast sermons almost every where in christian countries, generally begin with the history of the unction of Jesus Christ, and of course the words of Jesus Christ: *Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in*
the

the whole world, there shall also this that this woman has done be told for a memorial of her, are fulfilled in their fullest sense (n).

Woe unto that man by whom the son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born.—Dreadful sentence on the unhappy traitor—and also on me, if I suffer thy enemies to vilify thy doctrine, thy gospel; if I crucify thee, as one may say, a second time, by premeditated sins, which induce others to degrade and to dishonour thy name!—O! give me the spirit of sincerity, my faithful Redeemer, in order that no

(n) Here the Author certainly has been misled by his glowing fancy, which however does honour to his pious disposition.

T.

passion

passion prevail upon me to commit the least treachery against thee!

by a smiling manner, and disarming
the meanest wretches, and he was silent.

Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him, and others smote him with the palms of their hands. Matt. xxvi. v. 67. This is incontestable truth, O my soul! He who now is sitting on the right hand of God; he whom all the holy angels adore; he who could say: *Behold, at my rebuke, I dry up the sea, I make the rivers a wilderness; I clothe the heavens with blackness, and make sackcloth their covering* (o), fulfills the words of an ancient prophecy: *I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.*

presence when any thing in the world shall

offer to excite my anger, and to stir up my

passions!—What an excellent and simple

communion

(o) *Isaiah l.*

He

He, whose name is unutterable, suffered himself to be ill treated in the most shameful, agonizing, and disgusting manner, by the meanest wretches, and he was silent; no ray of his omnipotence struck his creatures dead. *He concealed the power which created worlds.*

What feelings, what combinations of feelings, suffice to adore in a proper manner the greatness of that divine virtue?—I should be writing whole days and nights if I were to commit to paper all my feelings (and how weak, how inadequate are they if compared with what they ought to be!) which this scene has procreated within me!—Jesus Christ! Lord Jesus Christ! let my mind be raised in adoration to thee; let me be sensible of thy presence when any thing in the world shall offer to excite my anger, and to stir up my passions!—What an excellent and simple
commentary

commentary on the command: *I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.*—How mean, how alienated from the sense of true greatness do all these appear to me who can dispute, after the length and the breadth, our duty to interpret this commandment literally!—But how mean must I appear to myself, when I consider that I am of that opinion, and yet—O Jesus Christ! how am I covered with shame!—am so angry, so enraged, and so inclined to revenge, when the smallest offence, an act of imprudence or heedlessness, has been committed against me

Three o'Clock, Afternoon.

It came into my mind to read once more,

The

The Sentiments of a Christian (p). I read this book, without making a stop, from the dedication to the Rev. Mr. Sack to the end. What may be the reason that it now and then *affected* me so little? How frequently, thought I, is *imagination* mistaken for feeling! Imagination, which, perhaps, has no other merit but that of combining fashionable words, and pictures of the times, with a few new ideas and half sentences! — This made me tremble at the author, or rather at human nature. *If these things are done in a green tree,* what shall be done in the dry? — Do not confide too much in thyself, my heart! Beware of pride; tremble at thy danger. *Watch and pray* — says the sentiment I have chosen this day:

(p) A performance of the celebrated Wieland,

T.

that

*that thou interest not into temptation.—Let him
that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he
fall!*

Twelve years ago this celebrated author wrote: “The greatest of these favourites of nature has stepped out of the career appointed to him, seduced by external circumstances or passions, and an innate inclination to excesses, and has lavished his genius, his enthusiasm, and the tenderness of his feelings, intrusted to him for the attainment of great ends, on undeserving objects, yea on chimeras. I am not speaking here only of those miserable wretches, who mispend their shameless wit in celebrating the coarsest and most infamous lusts, and thus acquire a fame, on account of which even Satan himself will not envy them. I am chiefly speaking of the more refined excesses of great poets, who have exerted their genius to

VOL. I. S “the

"the highest degree, in order to deify un-
 "worthy kings, or blooming damsels; who
 "have exerted all their power, in order to
 "interest our hearts for immoral heroes;
 "who, with a mean complacency, have de-
 "meaned themselves to celebrate fashion-
 "able prejudices, and to exalt as great trea-
 "sures, and far above their intrinsic value,
 "power, wealth, beauty, and whatever has
 "a glossy outside, to place these things in a
 "false light, &c. &c. &c. *Pindar* deserves
 "to be excused for having employed, from
 "regard for the religion of his country, his
 "great genius in beautifying the mytholo-
 "gy (q); and, by doing so, he puts to the blush

(q) And our—Author, a Christian, exerts all his wit
 to paint and to celebrate what would make blush *Pindar*,
 the *Heaven*.

L.

"many

“ many poets living among Christians, who
 “ have not been tempted by the true, far
 “ more sublime, and interesting revelation
 “ of God, to attempt what Pindar has done
 “ with respect to the traditions of the appa-
 “ ritions of God, and the feats of the demi-
 “ gods.”

Twelve years ago, the same celebrated
 author wrote : “ *How little can a great genius*
 “ *show himself in his proper light, if there is no*
 “ *proportion between his mental powers and his*
 “ *subject?* What therefore shall we think
 “ of the numerous flocks of Anacreontic
 “ bards, who, ever since a great wit has
 “ made a but too successful beginning,
 “ strive to proceed in the same strain, and,
 “ although their performances are far infe-
 “ rior, in point of beauty, to their original,
 “ yet surpass it greatly in wantonness and
 “ imprudence? What shall we think of those

"authors who rival la Fontaine in point of
 "licentiousness; of those fanatic adorers of
 "Bacchus and Venus, whom one, if judg-
 "ing from their fervent devotion, with which
 "they adore and celebrate the miserable
 "idols, should think to be a band of *Epi-
 "curean Heathens*, who are leagued to ridi-
 "cule whatever is sacred and sublime, and
 "to extirpate entirely the few religious feel-
 "ings which are lying dormant in the heart
 "of heedless youth."

Twelve years ago, the author of *The Senti-
 ments of a Christian*, of whom religion and vir-
 tue so justly entertained great expectations,
 wrote: "O! how long shall we tamely suf-
 "fer such nonsense to creep about among
 "Christians? Nay, what is still more abo-
 "minable, that it be publickly taught and
 "defended amongst them? Or is it pardon-
 "able to be indulgent to these preachers of
 "lewdness"

“ lewdness and wickedness, because they
 “ are witty? In my opinion, every body who
 “ does not think it an honour to be indif-
 “ ferent to religion, ought to prefer a thou-
 “ sand times the worst ancient and modern
 “ church hymns to the most charming song
 “ of Utz.”

And now this rigid censor of illicentious-
 ness writes *Agathons, Comic Tales, Musarions,*
&c. &c. &c.—O that I could know the
 secret turn of his soul, and learn, by the fall
 of great genius, to stand without falling my-
 self.—O God! who art *his* and *my* creator!
 thou canst not disapprove it, if I bend my
 face before thee for one who is a mortal,
 and destined for immortality like myself,
 and pray to thee, with silent sighs, to have
mercy on a soul which has alienated itself
 from thee, and which reminds me not to
 wander from thee.—*Father! nothing is impos-*

*sible with thee! thou canst reclaim that man
 who once could say: "I call to witness the
 "stars, and the immortal spirits, and say:
 "If ever I alienate myself from thee, who hast
 "created me a rational and immortal being, if
 "ever I cease to obey thee cheerfully, then, ye
 "stars! conceal your face from me, and ye sera-
 "phim! pronounce my heavenly name no more!"*

The present day was, thank God! one of
 the best of this month! How tranquil, how
 serene do I now lay down my pen and my
 body before thee, O! my God, and Father!

JANUARY

JANUARY the Thirtieth.

I AROSE in good time; prayed with sincere devotion; and read with pleasure—my *rules*, and the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew.—Dreadful were the sufferings which the Lamb of God bore with divine patience, meekness, and love! How little attention do we pay to them! how little time do we dedicate to the contemplation of the cross of Jesus Christ! There we ought to learn, amongst many other things, to brook and to scorn derision. This is indeed the most difficult sacrifice which my ambition ever can offer; however, I cannot refuse it to him *who did not open his lips!*

I chose to-day, for a subject of my serious meditations, the impenetrable words: *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?*

I now began to work; wrote letters to N***, and to my brother; G. H. L. M. P. came to beg me to give him a letter of recommendation—I said, “I rather would “give money,” and, indeed, so it is; it is very disagreeable to direct letters of recommendation to people, who are not so generous either to make some allowance, or to be charitable without recommendation. I pitied the honest man. I was more firmly convinced of his honesty than I could expect, or promise to convince any body else. Why then did such a struggle arise in my breast? Such a secret strife to conceal from myself, that I could and ought to assist him myself? I had indeed not sufficient money to do it immediately; however, different means which would make it easier and possible came to my mind, nay, even forced themselves upon me.—Books, trinkets, plate; things

things which during the whole year I never made use of, or at most only once, and then without any reasonable view.—How many things had I, therefore, by the sale of which I could extricate the honest man from his great difficulty!—if I were only *inclined to do it!!* Thus I suddenly thought by myself, and God worked in me both to will and to do;
“*Come again to-morrow; you shall find assist-*
“*ance!*” O! how happy I was when I had pronounced these words! I was certainly happier than the honest man when he left me, how great soever his satisfaction seemed to be.—I took all my money; changed some old dollars, in order to make up the whole sum; put the money in a paper, and sent it without delay to the place of its destination.

I read

Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

I read *Basedow's Address to the Friends of Mankind*. A great and useful idea! I admire the man! How honest, how wise, how active, how bold and enterprising! It is true his theology pleases me not quite, although I have derived from it many important instructions, and most instructing hints. I cannot help loving that man; he investigates acutely; he thinks for himself, and is no blind follower of others, as so many are; he errs!—so I think—however, he is a mortal like myself, although more learned and virtuous than I am.—God bless him! and guide his soul to the sanctuary of truth; my soul too, guide, O my God! to truth through thy word and spirit—His great plan may succeed or miscarry, yet the bare idea of undertaking a matter of such importance

portance deserves a monument. But what will a monument benefit him?—Bless thou him, best of Fathers, and pave through him a more open and beaten path for better knowledge and truth.——After supper we sang a few evening hymns at the harpsichord.

JANUARY the Thirty-first.

I ROSE again later than I ought to have done; prayed with little attention till the thought struck me, that it was *the last day* of the month, I read the *rules*, and the last chapter of St. Matthew; chusing for a sentiment for this day the words; *Go ye there-*
fore

fore and teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things. Whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo! I am with you already, even unto the end of the world.

These words of Christ are the simple key to all moral and religious laws of our Saviour: *all* nations should become *disciples* of Jesus Christ; *all* should keep *all* what the Lord has commanded his apostles, &c. &c. &c. - -

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Five o'Clock, Afternoon.

O! Is then also the last day of this first month arrived? I will in this still evening-hour sum up the moral accounts of my heart, and peruse my journal from the first day of this year to the present hour.

O!

After Six o'Clock.

O! my God! how much has happened within this month!—My friend! my friend! —I have lost thee, and half and whole days are past, without my—is it possible?—having thought a little, or at all of him?—I blush at myself—I have reason to wish, that the deceased may know nothing of it—because I was capable of forgetting him—for whole days, so frequently, and so soon.

Indeed I do not know where I shall begin to accuse and to reproach myself!

How dreadfully inconstant and inconsiderate have I been! how shamefully unlike myself!

How many good, excellent, and sweet hours!—But, O God! how many have I mispent, in an indolent, thoughtless manner, with talking, gaping, trifling, and sleeping!

sleeping! And my drawings!—how can I look at them? how compare them with each other? A powerful warning! O that I always might listen to it! No! nothing can humble my heart more, than this lamentable inconstancy!

Here, on my knees—yonder, snoring in my bed, when I ought to have been awake, praying and working.

Here, by the death-bed of an excellent friend—yonder, an idle hour under the hands of the hair-dresser—before the looking-glass—at a dinner—in the sledge.

Here, at the coffin of a deceased friend, pronouncing sacred vows—Yonder, angry at a trifle, *insane* I should say—V. A. T. H. D. G.—No! I will write it plainly without ciphers, that I may easily notice it in running over my journal—BEAST!—so I have called a fellow-creature, a fellow-christian!

how

how abominable does it appear to myself now!—The tongue with which I have prayed at the death-bed, at the coffin, when going to rest, and rising—that very tongue has called a fellow-creature, made after the image of God, a BEAST! I am afraid of myself; I dare not open my lips, not lift up my eyes!

It is true I have during this month learnt, taught, and done much good; have been blessed with many pious, sincere, humane sentiments, and displayed them in an artless manner! I have inserted almost all of them; but not all those of which I ought to be ashamed before God, and my conscience.

Many a thought of which perhaps my most inveterate enemy would not suspect me, has darted through my soul; it is true, I abominated them very soon—but, nevertheless,

heless, they make me sensible with terror, how impure and muddy the bottom of my heart still is.

My *rules*?—Alas how seldom have I perused them, and taken in consideration, as I had determined to do! How readily did I forget them! How many a time did I fling back, and endeavoured to find pretexts when it was necessary to take them into consideration, as I ought to have done.

How seldom did I mark, at the close of the day, the number of those which I had not performed carefully! How much more frequently could I, particularly in the day time, have prayed and communicated confidently with God!

Works of love and charity;—It is true I have performed some—and more than formerly in two months—however, I ought to have performed some of them with a better
and

and purer heart—I ought, in general, to have done a greater number. I could have performed it. Perhaps I have performed more than other people who are thought generous; I have, however, certainly not performed so many as I ought to have done, and was able to do.

To my wife I behaved with tenderness; yet I could have been—God knows how much—more useful to her. I do not know why I have so rarely conversed with her, who listens so eagerly to every good word, on our mutual important concerns. I fear a sinful *commodiousness* has been the reason of it.

I think, in general, that I am not yet on a truly christian footing with my wife. There were hours when I, or rather when *she* was;—however, that true intimacy, that mutual concern for one and the same great object, is not yet sufficiently easy and natural to us.

The duty—but this word, if addressed by a friend to his most intimate confidant, is too hard—the pleasure of instructing and enlightening her, of clearing up, of combining, and giving her ideas a certain self-consistent stability, appears to me not rarely too troublesome—curfed indolence! must I repeat again—and not less curfed *fondness for diversions*: ye, ye are the foes of my virtue, and my peace of mind.

But what do I call *diversion*?—Whatever makes me lose sight of, or obscures the end of my existence and life; whatever prevents me from acting, speaking, and thinking, in a manner consonant with my destination, and from performing the first and most indispensable duties. The *most serious* matters, perhaps, may become diversions for me, and those which *appear* most indifferent are, perhaps, not so. O, my heart! be honest in
singling

singling out whatever makes me lose sight of the great end for which thou art designed.

Learn to direct towards that end, and to use conformable to it, the most common and indifferent things, and even what concerns only thy body, or thy external prosperity; at the same time do not suffer the reading of the most serious books, nor the most virtuous deeds, to make thee lose sight of it, or to interrupt thy attention to *thyself*; for *then only*, and only while thou art observing thyself, and the turn of thy ideas and feelings, while thou art sensible of thy destiny, only while thou art communicating with, and paying attention to thyself, only then thou wilt be able to pay a sincere and fixed regard to the great end of thy existence.—O, my heart! I know thou wilt understand this language, if thou art inclined to do it—do not think of objections, but how thou wilt obey!

O Lord! keep my spirit in proper bounds; let my desires be subject to reason, and all my actions to my conscience, enlightened by thy word and spirit! Thy omnipresent providence represent to mine eyes every day clearly, and from all sides, the great truth: that I have been placed in this world, not merely on my own account, but rather for the sake of others, and for the voluntary performance of thy will; that I, neither in a lesser nor a higher degree belong to myself, but that I am entirely and solely *thy* property; that all my abilities, all my property, my fortune, and every moment of my time, belong to *thee*, that I can be at ease and happy in the world hereafter, only through thee, with thee, and in thee. While thou art the author of my life, and I am thy creature, it will ever be the unalterable nature of things, that I cannot be content and happy but through thee, and in thee.

But

After Supper, Ten o'Clock.

But I must not forget, O my faithful God! to recall to my mind in a lively manner, before I go to rest the last time in this month, all the important and particular favours which thou hast shewn me in the course of this first month of the year, and to give vent to sentiments of joy and gratitude.

On running over my journal, I find, besides numberless general benefactions, which I owe to thy paternal mercy and goodness, every day particular and distinguishing proofs of thy indefatigable and tender mercy. How many admonitions! how many feelings! how many opportunities of doing good actions! how many instructions, so particularly useful and necessary to me!—how much forbearance with regard to my transgressions! how much light and encouragement, in particular situations

situations and temptations, have I found in thy word! how many opportunities of getting a better knowledge of myself! how many improvements in the knowledge of religion! and thou, death-bed of my deceased friend! how beneficial hast thou proved to me—what a durable advantage for my heart—if it will make a proper use of thee! even my faults and errors hast thou rendered beneficial to me.

Satan, or myself, frequently thought evil against me; but thou hast turned it into good. How salutary were, under the guidance of thy grace, the mortifications, the reflections, prayers, and tears, which my errors gave rise to—And what excellent sentiments hast thou revived within me but a few days since! - -

Thanks, sincere thanks to thee for this and all other evident and inestimable favours
which

which thou hast bestowed upon me, and extended to my family, and my friends!—Thou doest exceeding abundantly above all what we ask, or think.

O! grant me the blessing that I may forget thy benefactions as little as my own existence; that my heart may be drawn more powerfully towards thee; that my confidence and my rejoicing in thee, may acquire, from day to day, more firmness, activity, and dominion over me!—I cannot lay myself down to rest, till I feel renewed and lively in my heart, the resolution to devote the following month more faithfully to thee; to penetrate deeper into the communion with thee; to watch more carefully over myself; to exercise myself with more sincerity in the most manly self-denial; to become more sensible of my mortality and immortality; to keep more firmly and sincerely to the Gospel, and
to

to weigh every thing on the balance of Revelation and Death, as this skull, which is standing on the table, reminds me now.—Yes! henceforward—henceforward—(I vow it to thee, my omnipresent, invisible Father, in this silent hour of wise and tranquil meditation) henceforward I will endeavour to exercise myself daily, to weigh all my actions, words, thoughts, and wishes on the balance of *Scripture* and *Death*. Thou who hearest my vows, hear also my sincere wishes to fulfil them!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



